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The North American Review

Vietnam:
The "My Country" Syndrome
Student Protest: Double Standards
"When the Shark, Babe . . ."
Of Books and Booze
A Warm Place on the Asylum Floor
The Cultural Enrichment Rap
Metaphysical Music

Fiction, Poetry, Departments, and Reviews

Volume 251/1 *January 1966* *$1.00*

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The Fabulist

Once upon a time there was a humble silk merchant. He worked every day at the loom and bought and sold only at the fairest prices. Naturally his neighbors ridiculed him, and his wife took every opportunity to heap abuse on his head. But he said to himself, "Fair is fair, and I must do what I think is right."

Now one day the emperor was passing by his establishment, and the merchant went outside to see the imperial procession. Many people had rich carpets to throw under the heels of the emperor's horse or bright scarfs to attract his attention, for the attention of the emperor meant dining at the palace free of charge and securing government contracts. Only the humble silk merchant had nothing to offer the emperor.

When the emperor returned to his court to count his gifts, he asked why the silk merchant had nothing to offer. His courtiers replied that the poor fellow was so honest that he could barely make a living, that he was the scorn of his neighbors and the butt of all their jokes.

Upon hearing this, the emperor sent for the merchant. "You are the one honest man in my kingdom. What favor would you have of me?"

The merchant replied, "Honesty is its own reward."

"Well said," said the emperor, "and now I command you to choose a casket from those before you to show the world how I value an honest man."

And then three casks were brought before the merchant. One was of gold and silver; another was ivory inlaid with diamonds; and the third was made of plain wood.

"I am a simple man," said the merchant. "I will take the cask of wood."

He opened it, and it was filled with pebbles. The courtiers and the emperor laughed until tears ran down their fat cheeks.

"You have chosen," said the emperor, "as I knew you would. Go home to the scorn of your neighbors and the scolding tongue of your wife. You will live to hear your children curse you."

Victor Contoski

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The North American Review

New Series: Volume III No. One Old Series: Volume 251
January, 1966

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The North American Review, January, 1966. Old Series Volume 251, New Series Volume III Number One Published bi-monthly in January, March, May, July, September, November. Publication, Editorial, and General Offices at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. $1.00 a copy, $6.00 a year in the U. S.; Canada and Latin America, $6.15; all other countries, $7.00. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope with return postage. Printed in the U.S.A. by Economy Advertising Company, Iowa City, Iowa. Copyright 1965 by Cornell College. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Entered as second class matter at Mount Vernon, Iowa.

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from STILL, part II

Alexander Fleming:

'A triumph of accident
and shrewd observation.'

The white area of cleansing
radially out
into
the rotwild
patch of bacilli
rampant fervescent
scoured

bacillophagous fluid
Cambridge bred

And I, where vermiform,
most needy.

The package of ancient
heritage
burst
down the long
echoing corridors of my blood.
The face grown
'ash-grey or blue-tinged
hands cold and clammy'
What
Jurassic
penalty?

from STILL, part II

Alexander Fleming, *bis:*

He and the cleansers
the bright cleansers

Phisohex, Ajax
Fab;
centuries of polished
hands.
Gloves rubbed.

Then either the head
bent
back
or the long spine spread
opening
or the ass
wide.

The probe.
The immaculate fingering.
The soft, touch.

He and the cleansers.

Frederic Will

TO FATHERS

To my father for what we share
And what we don't and never shall
I write this poem, with a dry care
For the difference, to balance all
Between us with a measured line,
Moved by an imbalance driving.

The past of my blood darkening,
Those old shadow fathers of mine,
In old stories or snapshots living,
Condemn my trade, my written line:
I must be more than their dwindling,
Having in the family brow their sign.
How with no arm for battering,
No shipman's voice, no new design
To cripple from the world my share,
How will the dark imbalance fall?

Let words be the balance of all:
Fathers and father with your fear,
Old makers that in my house dwell,
All lords, all sons, all balancers
Grieved into fathering, the scale,
Weighed with your payment, wanting more,
Your old pictures fade on the wall
And the North sky caught in your stare
Breaks in a gathering pall.

I write this poem of a dwindling
Now driven by all that I share
And shamed by all that I'm lacking
To those with a brow like mine,
They in their son now dying
And the sons who knowing this mine
Will grieve their sons for its grieving.

Tom Lynner

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THIS GENERATION'S FJORD

Deceit and the power of force dominate man. From the beginning man's efforts to understand or explain himself support this mean view—the Titans, Cain and Abel, or any selection from the abundance in the vicious catalogue of man's full record. Examples of a contrary viewpoint are splendid isolates so rare that everyone knows and cites this few as irrefutable proof of the innate goodness of conglomerate man.

Overwhelming majorities invariably embrace every opportunity to revert to animal violence and to suspend galling conformity to the hateful, imposed governments implied in concepts such as "do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Or, perhaps not.

Repetition of familiar patterns may be demonstrations of Erich Fromm's contention that "many people are in love with death. They want war."

At all times subconsciously, man may *know* he is no more than animal, may accept this unspeakable fact in a buried but dominant cell of his mashed potato mind and so seek ablution in obliteration.

It just may be desire for negation of self-deception. This ultimate realization may spur man to demolish the paper moon he laboriously hoisted into a real sky.

Explanation of his periodic compulsion to indulge in mass suicide may be analgous to the lemmings' inexplicable mograting which end with their death in Norwegian fjords.

The voice of the solitary dissenter is drowned by the animal bellow from the mob, his body shredded by sharp claws as millions of lemmings stampede toward the abyss.

Warriors win.

Lemmings reach the sea.

But the sea is never appeased.

And lemmings never learn.

The great beast nailed Christ to the cross. The meek did not inherit the earth. With the first echo of the nostalgic growl from the jungle, meeks change into atavistic beasts. Then these roused meeks choose up sides to become warrior lemmings again.

Can it be that civilization is an inverted pyramid balanced on its point? And the point is the fallacy that goodness exists in man?

Man's vaunted progress from the cave to the stars is a bestial chronicle of religious, political, economic, military and scientific enslavement reaching from the unrecorded first thrown stone to the dropping of The Bomb.

A direct path to Vietnam.

Alternatives in Vietnam are as simple as Gordian's Knot.

Stay or get out.

There are no other choices, only equivocations.

Period.

"What a foolish, stupid, naive statement!" pros and cons shout in scornful unison.

Please. Withhold the brush and tarpot. Only for a moment. Supporting war in Vietnam is a peculiar alliance of those dedicated to the power of force: South Vietnamese, Americans, Russians, Chinese, North Vietnamese, and assorted lesser lemmings all committed to the violent gain or retention of political, economic and military advantage, each for himself.

Even in America, only remotely reliable assumptions can be made about American anti-Vietnamese war groups. Some of these groups actually belong in the list above because they are not opposed to force as such but find only American force objectionable, believing that Russian or Chinese force should never be condemned. Another faction approves degrees of violence providing that it remains in specified terrain and does not slop over into North Vietnam. Still others are professional malcontents who make lifelong careers of opposing whatever course is being followed at the moment.

Most synthetic meeks, pros and cons, have already disavowed peace as a serious consideration and have begun their march to the sea.

Still to be counted are the genuine meeks: a handful of pacifists, some intellectual giants, a lot of uncontaminated youngsters, etc. Individually or collectively, these meeks own no radio or televison stations, no newspapers, mass-circulation magazines, no components of the industrial or economic network geared to war, nor do they hold elected or appointed positions in government.

Even if these dissidents should unite and miraculously agree on a plausible alternative to force, all available channels for conveying their solution to the masses are in the grasp of those committed to the power of force. Peace is the first casualty.

Pour beeswax in your ears, Meeks!

The sea is calling.

Stand aside, Meeks!

The abyss invites.

Dig your shelters deeper, Meeks!

Lemmings are on the march.

Vietnam is merely this generation's fjord.

PKF

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Pot *on the Fire*

LETTERS NEVER MAILED DEPARTMENT

Arkansaw, Wisconsin
December 25, 1965

Kenneth W. Bagby
Specialist Fourth Class
First Cavalry Division
US Army
Pleiku, Vietnam

Dear Kenneth Bagby:

Your pitiful letter to your parents was reprinted in *U. S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT*. My eyes watered. It was difficult to finish reading it. A terrible thing is happening to you.

It was the same for me at Arbela and Marathon. Friends died to my right and left. I fought with the strength of ten to avenge their deaths and to make the future secure for my son just as you do for your Kenney.

Your letter makes me weep because it reminds me of letters I wrote home from Tobruk and Waterloo and the Crimea, from Caporetta and from Guadalcanal, from Antietam and Saratoga and Anzio, from the Peloponnesus, Carthage and Orleans. Whether I used a quill or a ballpoint, a pencil stub or a delicate Oriental brush and whatever the language (I've used them all: Russian and English and Japanese and French and German, and all the other known ones and most of the obscure languages), the message was written in blood and punctuated by my falling tears. And all my letters, too, ended with solemn vows that this terrible slaughter would never happen again.

When I survived, during those brief intervals at my plow or lathe or desk where I worked doubly hard in the effort to catch up economically with those who had stayed behind, during those intervals, some understanding of it all would begin to come to me; however, I never seemed to have the time to alter things so that war would not return.

Both sides always got me. Both used the same inducements to attract me to their banners: for freedom, for loved ones, for God. I always find myself on both sides in every war: I fought for both Montgomery and Rommel at El Alamein, died for Wellington and died for Napoleon at Waterloo, drowned when the U.S.S. Houston sank in the Pacific and died again when the Miruha went down in the same waters a few hours later. Always for home and country and God. Always for a just cause.

Re-reading your letter, fresh torrents of tears blind me. Pity for you engulfs me. Not because of any particular thing you say. The overall impact of your youth, your ignorance, your innocence unman me and I weep, unashamed.

For I am always young. Once, in the Children's Crusade, I was only seven. At Thermopolaye I had just reached puberty. Usually, I am older than that but seldom out of my teens or very early twenties. My well-muscled, healthy corpse litters battlefields. Those with trick knees or mysterious back ailments, clever minds, or fathers with money stay home. Battlefields must have only perfect corpses.

Why must it always be the young?

I do not expect you to answer that question. I write only to let you know that your letter served its purpose.

I enlisted yesterday.

Once again, on both sides.

A letter similar to yours appeared in the *Hanoi Times* on the same date.

Fraternally,
Private Diogenes Jones

WHERE ARE THE NEW HEMINGWAYS AND FAULKNERS?

Since Hemingway and Faulkner died, America has not produced any great creative writers. And why?

One reason is that American writers either do not understand what great literature is or are unable to recreate the essence of such literature. The great artist *tries* to go beyond that which has been attained throughout history. The American writer—with a few exceptions—has not tried. Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea* tried in form and content to surpass the merely good novel. Many Faulkner books tried to exceed the limits. Bourjaily's *The Violated* made the attempt.

Another reason is that too many writers belong to "schools" or "philosophies" of literature—and this has destroyed their potential for greatness as creative persons. They cease to be individuals, and it takes an individual to create good art. Their writing becomes mechanical: their styles and thoughts conform to the established standard.

If one's writing does not conform to current standards, he is termed not a "good" writer. In Hollywood, I heard a screen writer remark, "Now what made Hemingway write a story about a damn fish and an old man?" followed by laughter from fellow technicians interested in craftsmanship and ignorant of the ideal Hemingway was trying to reach.

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In Algiers, a friend of mine talked to a great French novelist who was later killed. He also confessed that nearly all writers everywhere, including himself, were adhering to standards established by schools and philosophies of literature; and he wanted to dissociate himself from his literary peers because everybody was sounding too much alike and what was being produced seemed too artificial. (Faulkner, Hemingway, and Bourjaily removed themselves from the literary establishment early in life.)

Great literature—despite its diversity in form and content—is intensely *human* and concerned with the individual human spirit, that indefinable something which animates man.

The "good" writers will not become great by sitting around tables in New York City "talking" about literature. This simply justifies themselves and their works. To be great, they must leave their comfortable group and write about what they as individuals know to be true. Unless they do that, they will continue to present literature, at different times, as sociology, politics, economics, philosophy—or, as a last resort, technology.

Herman Goldberg
Detroit, Michigan

HAVE COTTAGE, WILL SELL

For years I dreamed of owning a cottage at the beach. It would, I thought, be heaven on earth. Then my dream came true. We bought a cottage. And it was wonderful for the man of the house and for my friends and for their children's children. But for me it was a mistake. Everybody else had a ball. And I had more cooking, more laundry, more dishes, more cleaning. Well, live and learn, and what I learned was this: If you want to have fun on a weekend at the cottage you must be a guest, not a hostess.

Going to your own cottage for the weekend is like moving day. Endless things must go: food, bedding, books, clothes for hot weather, clothes for cold weather, and the dog and cat. Pay no attention to the members of the family who say you make too much of the whole thing; travel light. They are the first to ask indignantly "Where's my sweater?" when the temperature drops one degree.

The family help load the car? Don't be naive! You will load the car.

You won't be one mile from home when you think of something vital that has been forgotten. Relax, all the way there you will keep adding to the list of things that you forgot. Catch your breath before you arrive for you have all of it to carry in.

A cottage used to be a shell, no, I said shell, of a building with the rafters and siding unashamedly exposed; the floors were rough boards and everybody expected a bit of sand tracked in. Now the floor must be hardwood, and you wouldn't dare. When I was a child we went to the cottage only in summer and strictly for fun. Now you are considered shiftless by neighbors unless you winterize your place, panel the walls, plant roses, and seed the lawn.

You now have two houses to spring clean instead of one. Two lawns to cut instead of one. Leaves to rake at two places in the fall. Pressure systems and refrigerators and stoves go on the blink at a cottage as regularly as at home.

Oh those lovely, lazy weekends when you are a guest at the cottage of a friend. Someone else worries about whether there is enough coffee and sugar and bedding to go around. You can forget a towel and get away with it. You waken in the morning to the smell of frying bacon. Do the dishes, of course, but if you use all the tricks you learned from your guests, you can always be in an animated discussion or doing the Alligator when there is something to be done in the kitchen. It just takes a bit of ingenuity.

No doubt about it. Having friends with a cottage beats having one of your own.

Do you know anyone in the market for a winterized, . . . ?

Rita MacLachlan
London, Ontario
CANADA

A FOOTNOTE ON FAITH IN THE FOXHOLES

Anguish, Ark. (A.P.) An Arkansas mother rejoiced with renewed faith Sunday when the Defense Department informed her that a copy of the Marquis de Sade's *One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom* which she had given her soldier son saved his life in a Viet Cong ambush.

(British anthropologist Jeoffrey Gorer describes de Sade's book as representing a more extensive catalogue of sexual deviations than Krafft-Ebbing's *Psychopathia Sexualis.*)

A sniper's bullet pierced the worn, treasured pages of the inspirational volume on sexual excesses and aberrations as it rested in a pouch slung from the ammunition belt around the waist of Pfc. William Jennings Bryan Jr. Bryan carried the book in keeping with his mother's admonition to have it with him at all times to sustain his faith through the discouragements of battle.

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"I told him to carry it always and read it, and it would help him," a proud Mrs. W. J. Bryan Sr. said. "I told him any man who carries the Words of the Marquis can count on faith to help him."

It was the second time that young Bryan had avoided serious injury because of his practice of carrying inspirational literature in the Vietnam fighting. Last August he was spared a painful wound when a mortar fragment embedded itself in a copy of the *Housewife's Handbook for Selective Promiscuity* in the rear pocket of his fatigues.

Bryan explained that he normally has on his person a number of other volumes in addition to de Sade and the Housewife's Handbook. Interviewed at a rest station some twenty miles north of Saigon, Bryan emptied his pockets of a half dozen paperback books and a record of the prayers and sermons of Lenny Bruce.

"Yeh, man, I'd cut out long ago if I didn't have *Candy, Fanny Hill, Lady Chatterly's Lover,* and *the Life and Loves of Frank Norris* with me," said Bryan. "One thing I learned early in this army is that without sex to believe in, there's nothing."

P. R. Carlsten
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

FASTIDIOUS POEMS

(After the March 1965 outcry
against the use of enriched
tear gas in Viet-Nam)

If there's terrorism,
Bomb it;
Never, never make it
Vomit.

*

Better blow up
Than throw up.

John Pauker

UNREQUIRED READING

In autumn, summer or spring, it is easy to be at one with the Richard Hovey who wrote:

> "I am fevered with the sunset,
> I am fretful with the bay,
> For the wander-thirst is in me
> And my soul is in Cathay."

To have wings, souls need clement weather. But late in December we are lucky to remember, and by mid-January in the Midwest, numbness sets in and sinks deep. As Leonard Unger phrased it in a poem: *Upper Midwest Blues.*

> "Worst of all is the effect upon the mind,
> For we know spring is indeed too far behind."

Souls are in deepfreeze.

Here are three books suggested as anti-freeze. *The West in a World Without War* by Neil W. Chamberlain. (McGraw-Hill, 1963, 85 pp., $1.25, paper) Possibility of a life and an economy not governed by a philosophy of war ought to perk up lagging sensibilities for a few minutes.

If you prefer the world as it is, try *Vietnam Perspective: a CBS Report* (Pocket Book Special, Nov., 1965, 112 pp., $1.). Here are the scripts of four television programs. The validity of the perspective can be assessed by considering the qualifications of the participants, including:

Secretary of State, Dean Rusk
Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara
Former Ambassador to Saigon, General Maxwell Taylor
Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle G. Wheeler
Ambassador to the United Nations, Arthur Goldberg.
Special Presidential Assistant on Security Affairs, McGeorge Bundy
Platoons of newsman and photographers
The Armed Forces Advisers in Vietnam as a supporting cast.

If this unprejudiced presentation does not upset your soul, you are lost.

Everyone must agree with a statement on page 51: "The most difficult and elusive of our objectives in Vietnam is the pursuit of peace."

Should the goal be simple entertainment, read *The Fugitive Pigeon* by Donald E. Westlake (Random House, 1965). This is a rollicking, Keystone Comedy of a murder mystery. Don't miss it.

Always remember the daring words of Hui Hai, "There is no humility, but only degrees of pride."

BER

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Vietnam: The 'My Country' Syndrome

Milton Krieger

Allowing for roughly equivalent bias in the estimate of police and SANE officials, 35,000-40,000 people gathered in Washington on November 27 to protest American military involvement in Vietnam. Their objectives were certainly not uniform. But at the very least, all those present advocated an immediate start to negotiations, and most of them reckoned the National Liberation Front an independent party with just claims for a seat at any conference.

More common ground than this would be hazardous to assume, and the issue of prior conditions would be the first to divide the marchers. For myself, I believe that no settlement is possible until an American retreat is partially effected. I do not confuse here the priorities between negotiations and *possible* withdrawal, but along with many who came to Washington I rank them differently than the government. The first peaceful gesture should be ours, indeed will have to be ours. Bombs have failed as an instrument of policy. Their renunciation might not clear the diplomatic path, since Hanoi believes its case to have been stated and ratified at Geneva in 1954. Still, there have been reports in the London *Observer,* most recently on November 21, that the NLF does not insist on prior military withdrawal and there are hints that Hanoi wants room to maneuver. Either Mr. Rusk's antennae have selective tuning, or our Vietnam policy is less flexible than we admit.

Permit me a crack at this policy in a wider context. The evidence suggests that A.D. 1965 an American military presence in developing nations provokes alienation from the U. S. and its notion of commitment to freedom and democracy. The gulf between our words and actions is too great. Will the Vietnamese people give a damn for the one billion dollars offered them by the president, even if their land does survive the weaponry we introduce as the first phase of our "commitment?" Governments in Saigon, and around the world, with precious little support but our own, have gulled us into absurd postures, misused our weapons and leeched our aid programs. We are pleased to call such arrangements our commitments.

Some commitments are meaningful. The European-North Atlantic world enjoys racial and cultural ties and above all a decent standard of living. If trumpets sound over Berlin, the disputants know what is at stake behind their verbiage. So long as pathological threats to our somehow tolerable politics of terror are identified and weeded out, as in this country in 1964, survival is likely. To honor commitment in these circumstances is to stick to one's guns, to rely for a settlement on the sober calculation by both sides of their opponents' destructive force.

But when one hears, as I did a week before the Washington march, a liberal Democrat from the pragmatic state of Iowa apply a cold war, messianic vocabulary to Vietnam . . . For myself, I made haste for Washington with the feeling that letters to Congressman Culver would be irrelevant.

That word *irrelevant* is important. It is applied to the demonstrations, while government policy and a glance at the Gallup polls are taken as the criteria for relevance. A few observations are in order concerning the statement of the administration's case and the public's response. First, opinon forms around emotion and information, though the chemistry behind this fusion is not an exact science. There is a transference in this country of twenty-year-old attitudes into a new world. They no longer suffice. The communism/free world dichotomy cannot shape the outlines of a realistic foreign policy in those areas of rapid change where explosions are most likely to occur. Independence, race, food, population control, economic diversification are the keys to current world thinking. The president frequently says he knows all this, and I think he does: why not translate such comprehension into a foreign policy which puts the priorities straight? If these are the real issues, why are there scarcely a dozen national politicians with the courage to demonstrate by their voting record and their public stance a sense of urgency?

Who in fact are the relevant Americans? The national temper this winter regards critics of the war as at best impertinent, at worst treasonous. The government fosters, then feeds on opinion which is uninformed, perhaps we must now say misinformed, through sources which Washington itself strives to dominate. Absolute monarchs used to tune their priests' pulpits. We witness today government by trial balloon and press release, filtered through the insufferable Moyer-McCloskey facade.

Consider one example of opinion-chemistry. The nation was told last spring that the monsoon season would be critical. Jungle-warfare and all; if we could weather . . . In fact only one pitched battle marked the summer months from the previous course of the war. It was an "allied" victory, and we have increased American manpower by head-spinning increments during the year; yet Secretary McNamara now argues after his recent trip that because a dry season approaches, infiltration will triple. More U. S. troops are on the way. The crisis is redefined at need for a public whose confusion as well as its sharp-honed patriotism drives up the Gallup index. The "my country" syndrome. Mandate and consensus derived from such grounds warrant a critique which they get around the world, but not here.

Analysis of the media can also be informative. The *Des Moines Register* is a responsible paper; its opinion page publishes all viewpoints. But its front page on Monday, November 29, in a story by Horst Faas of the

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AP, told how a government regiment "died" on the fields of Michelin, at the hands of "hordes of Communist soldiers charging in waves through the rubber trees." An American "adviser" spoke of "enormous fire power . . . they came in human waves." But we read in a separate paragraph that "the fight pitted about 1200 South Vietnamese against perhaps 1200 to 2000 Communists." The indigenous forces were (depending on that word "perhaps") comparable, and since American advisers were present, whose strength is often said to equal that of many communists, the human wave theory collapses. Yet such is the image conveyed for domestic consumption. Compassion for the dead is appropriate in more than the normal sense, for they did not suffer for the cause of peace when their deaths served this kind of pageantry. Much in contrast, I cannot resist one lighter reference to the mechanics of illusion, the *Chicago Tribune* headline which met the Washington contingents at O'Hara field after the march: 12,000 March in Washington. On page 2, continuing the lead story, 25,000 were said to have marched. Not a word about the discrepancy. Should one laugh or curse?

Misrepresentation and fraudulence aside, one returns to what is relevant. Despite the lofty word from Texas about democratic freedoms, it is not in terms of the right to dissent or to assemble that the Washington march must be judged. The president's magnaminity did him little credit, for this apparent stand on principle was another play of shadows diverting public notice from Vietnam policy itself, which the march and subsequent speeches criticized. In Vietnam as elsewhere, our ideological blinders led a decade ago to miscalculations of the forces at work in a particular instance of national rebirth and social reconstruction. It was all the sadder a misjudgement because Geneva protocols had mapped Vietnam's future, based on supervised elections which most of the world accepted. The Vietminh withdrew northward, with every prospect of forming a national government. The United States may not have approved, but these were the facts in their domestic setting. Ngo Dinh Diem played no part in Vietnam's successful war against Japan and France, but it was most certainly he who declined the referendum of 1956. Eisenhower and Dulles came to his support. This was the first stage of foreign involvement, and military infiltration from the north *followed*. Successive applications of military power by both sides have compounded the original error with the periodic introduction of new forces. China and Russia are now involved, though peripherally when compared with the American presence.

I may myself be accused of irrelevance for dusting off a reading of old history to which I subscribe. The point is that a pattern of identical mistakes characterizes recent American policy closer to home. We withheld, I submit, the appropriate support to Castro's Cuba, drove him into world communist alignment and trusted the Bay of Pigs to redress the situation. Likewise, Juan Bosch was considered unsuitable, we intervened in Santo Domingo, and testimony now made public clarifies the identification of United States policy there with crudely reactionary forces. We favor the regime of President Branco: how soon will U. S. troops demonstrate in Brazil our preference for "stability" to social reform? Mobile helicopter units, the current pride of our Vietnam arsenal, are not the instruments of a progressive foreign policy.

I have said that the game of chicken is legitimate in circumstances where others can use the same rules. The Vietcong can't do this; terrorist bombs in Saigon, however cruel they seem, really aren't a match for B-52's. The North Vietnamese never expected to need what they now desire, another Dienbienphu, again fought on their terms. The Chinese can't as yet play our game, but we are in danger of playing what we conceive to be theirs by conducting a foot-slogging war in Asia. Since we seem unable to stand still in Vietnam (precisely because we *have* no place there?), to strike in China, to seize initiative which in Vietnam belongs to Peking and Hanoi, becomes a policy alternative at home. China, like Russia in the past, may well be a world revolutionary force. Bombs aren't solving our Vietnam problem; they won't solve our Chinese problem, whatever it is. We would better commend ourselves to the world, which we also seek to influence, and would do ourselves a favor by trying to comprehend China's growth. To protest our virginity, now highly suspect in Southeast Asia, and to have nothing to do with some 700,000,000 people is no policy. Bombs won't fill the void. We have an unfortunate reputation for spewing bombs in Asia as it is.

The call for preventive war with China may develop. There were in Washington on November 27 a few dozen people ranged under half a dozen Vietcong flags. Further escalation in Vietnam would bring more such flagwavers into the streets, and I think that many of us in November objected to the Vietcong committee's display on tactical rather than temperamental grounds. Chinese flags and the same type of sympathies would appear in Washington if a military venture against China were attempted.

I suggest these last observations, recognizing the present loss of American lives, to be neither unpatriotic nor irrelevant. Critical appraisal of our world posture is needed and was represented by the Washington demonstration. This march was orderly, even sedate, composed predominantly of family groups, middle aged and elderly women, professors and students, interspersed with delegations from the militant young left. There was one radical speech, suggesting structural change in American society as a prerequisite to peace in Vietnam. It would provide material for another article, from another writer. I am no ideologue, I am not an isolationist, I'm neither a pacifist nor communist. The phrase "peace fink" is current and this I may be. But I contend that military intervention in developing nations frustrates rather than promotes two stated objectives of this country's foreign policy: world peace and social-economic progress. I would consider the implementation of these aims the essence of patriotism at home and of relevance in the world at large.

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Vietnam: Student Protest: Double Standard

Allon C. Brownfeld

Any protest movement exists largely on the basis of its credibility. If it is able to convince the public at large that its sentiments reflect the interest of the community, then it has taken a significant stride forward in its attempt at gaining a hearing and an audience for itself. If it is difficult to establish such a community of interest, the protest group may try to convince the public of its honesty, integrity, and idealism, and thereby gain a degree of respect for itself and, as a result, a hearing for its case.

The current student protest groups have attempted to do both of these things and, up to a point, have been successful. Yet their attempt has, in great measure, been based upon a false presentation of their real view.

These groups have told the American people that they are pacifists, that they oppose the use of force in international affairs, and that they believe the use of force by the United States Government in Vietnam is immoral.

Yet even a casual examination of the statements and activities of such groups provide us with ample evidence for concluding that they are not pacifists, but are something else.

Professor John Roche of Brandeis University, a former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, condemned the growth of such protest groups and made this point about their alleged pacifism.

> What particularly disturbs me is the growth of part-time pacifism, or liberal isolationism. Fine liberals, who would storm Congress to aid a beleagured Israel, suddenly shift gears when Asia is involved and start talking about 'the inevitability of Chinese domination' and the 'immorality' of bombing North Vietnam. Let me make it perfectly clear that a pacifist can on principle argue that the use of force in international affairs is immoral. Though I do not hold this position, I recognize its principal foundation. But a pacifist is thus forbidden by his moral imperatives from having any favorite wars.

Are the protest groups really pacifist in nature? *Spartacist,* one of the well known publications of the "new left," sent the following telegram to Ho Chi Minh on February 7, 1965:

> Spartacist in fullest solidarity with the defense of your country against attack by United States imperialism. Heroic struggle of Vietnamese working people furthers the American Revolution.

The May 2nd Movement, another of the leading groups within the current protest, makes no attempt to deny its aid to the Viet Cong. This group has organized a blood donor drive in its West Coast chapter, and the New York chapter plans to sell blood and send the proceeds to the Viet Cong through the Algerian Liberation Front. Reports state that the May 2nd Movement is training volunteers in Michigan to join the Communist forces in Vietnam, and this group has said that it believes the United States Communist Party is "too ineffectual."

Members of the protesting organizations feign neutrality and opposition to force on one level, but at other times make clear their desire for a Viet Cong victory. Professor Eugene Genovese of Rutgers stated that he welcomed a Viet Cong victory and at a recent "teach-in" held at Rutgers University, Professor James Mellen of Drew University stated:

> As a professed Marxist and Socialist, I do not hesitate to state my position. I stand side by side with Professor Genovese . . . profess my political viewpoints in my class every day and if other professors in New Jersey teaching my subject do not do so they are abdicating their responsibility.

The third issue of *Free Student,* official publication of the May 2nd Movement, boasted that one of its representatives had managed to show a film glorifying the Communist forces in Vietnam in a high school in Mill Valley, California, and also at nearby Redwood High School.

When criticized for their activities, many of such groups state that they have a "right" to carry on such protests. But Vice President Hubert Humphrey made it clear that "the right to be heard does not involve the right to be taken seriously." The Vice-president, speaking at the University of Wisconsin, said:

> I saw some signs which said 'Get out of Vietnam.' I agree. But in our getting out we don't want someone else taking over. If you can show us how to get out of Vietnam without the Communists taking over in Saigon, without South Vietnam losing what freedom it has left, we'll put the placards that are around here in the hall of fame instead of in the hall of shame. But the signs offer no alternative, 'just leave.' I can promise you that we do not intend to leave.

The audience of 1,000 student leaders, attending the annual convention of the National Students Association, responded with an overwhelming ovation.

The response to Mr. Humphrey's statement was openly hostile on the part of the "new left" youth organizations. Writing in *The Young Socialist,* Jack and Elizabeth Barnes, national chairman and national organizational secretary of the Young Socialist Alliance, made this comment:

> During a speech Hubert Humphrey angrily replied to a young student critic: "Keep your mind on the enemy, and the enemy is not in Washington.' By this angry outburst he betrayed his real fear that in their fight against war abroad and for real democracy and civil rights at home the student movement will discover that the main enemy is indeed in Washington.

The critics are clear: the enemy is in Washington. Communism is not a danger but is, in fact, a virtuous thing. Such groups and such individuals are not advo-

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cates of peace, and are not pacifists. They are simply partisans of the other side, and their criticism of the United States is often rooted in nothing more than the self-serving interest of Communist expansion. Many honest individuals are taken in by such groups because these individuals are truly idealistic, and often are really against the use of force. Yet in the long run they must see that these groups never condemn the use of force by Communists, but only condemn force when it is used by the United States. They are not, after all, in the streets protesting China's invasion of India, and they did not protest North Korea's attack upon South Korea, or Russia's brutal repression of the Hungarian Revolution. They simply attack our own government's efforts to stem the tide of Communist expansion.

These are the same people who supported Castro's takeover of Cuba, saying that he was the people's choice. Yet they are not in the streets protesting against the brutal dictatorship which thousands of Cubans are at the present moment fleeing. The fact is that people are always leaving Communist states, in any way they can. Hundreds of thousands of refugees have fled Communist rule in North Vietnam, and have sought refuge in the South. In Europe a wall has been erected to keep Germans from fleeing to the West. Yet the protestors do not object to the brutal conditions which make men and women sacrifice their homes and their homelands. As they have said, Washington is the enemy. Communism, to them, is not.

What of the non-Communist poets, and professors who are joining in the criticism of the Administration's policy? John Fischer, a leading liberal and an editor of *Harper's Magazine,* has this to say about that group:

> One group of critics of President Johnson's policy in Vietnam . . . need not be taken too seriously. It includes many of the poets, pediatricians, novelists, painters and professors who have been making so much noise during the last few months. Most of them are deeply humane people who loathe war and wish it would go away. In a rather vague fashion they feel that the way to avoid a fight is to drop your gun and back off—forgetting the disastrous results of these tactics in Ethiopia (1935), Spain (1936), and Munich (1938).
>
> They see it as their duty as intellectuals to stand in eternal opposition to authority and the established order. Whenever authority uses force to defend the established order—in Santo Domingo, Vietnam, Berlin, or in the Cuban missile crisis—they grow eloquent with anguish and suspicion. On the other hand they seldom protest against the use of force (including terrorism) by anyone who proclaims himself a rebel; for they have a romantic identification with rebellious characters, especially exotic ones like Castro and Mao. If Robin Hood is against bad guys they assume he must be a good guy—overlooking the sad historic fact that a Robin Hood come to power is often just as brutal and oppressive as the sheriff of Nottingham he overthrew.

Mr. Fischer noted that he was inclined to give more weight to the opinion of another rebellious intellectual who, in addition to his scholarly accomplishments, has considerable experience in statecraft. He is Dr. C. Rajagopalachari, a leader in India's struggle for independence, a companion of Gandhi, a pioneer in civil disobedience, a onetime Governor General of India, and an apostle of peace. In a letter to the *New York Times* of June 6, 1965, he spoke to "the best brains of America" about their "criticism and ridicule" of the President's policy. "There is not the slightest doubt," he wrote, "that if America withdraws and leaves Southeast Asia to itself, Communist China will seize the Continent. There is no hope for freedom of thought in Asia if the hegemony, if not the empire, of China is established."

Another leading liberal, Professor Max Lerner of Brandeis University, made the point that the depth of intellectual opposition to the President had been greatly exaggerated. He said:

> I have taken no poll but I have traveled on many campuses . . . and I find the scholars close to Asian studies support the President because they know what would happen in Asia if America were to withdraw. The men in the political studies also . . . support him because they know something of the ways of Communist expansionism. The men in the military studies support him because they know this is a minor war compared to what we would have to wage if it failed . . . If I am right, then my guess is that there is an inverse relation between militancy of hostility to the President's policy and closeness to the subject matter.

Most of the liberal intellectuals who had at one time supported the activities of "the new left" student movement have recently become disenchanted with the activities and policies pursued by that movement. Three hundred faculty members at the University of California challenged the Vietnam Day Committee, pointing out that this group does not enjoy "the blessings of the faculty."

Such groups do, however, enjoy the blessings of world Communism. Gus Hall, leader of the American Communist Party, said this:

> Fronts are a thing of the past. We don't need them. We've got the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Students for a Democratic Society going for us. But they're not fronts in the usual sense of the word. They're just part of the 'responsible left.'

Honest liberals who oppose totalitarianism of the left as much as they do totalitarianism of the right, men such as John Roche, Max Lerner, Hubert Humphrey, and John Fischer, have made clear that these groups are *not* part of the "responsible left."

Some are clearly pro-Communist, others are simply hypocritical, condemning the use of force by one nation, but not by others. All are giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and whether knowingly or not are lengthening the war by making the Communists feel that America is divided and that if they persist we may withdraw.

The current flurry of parades, marches, and protests is bringing American intellectuals to the point where they feel the need to condemn such a false double standard. This they are now doing and whatever else such protestors may claim to be, they may no longer call themselves either "liberals" or "responsible citizens." It is up to the society at large to assess the damage they have done, and act to prevent further damage from occurring.

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Metaphysical Music

Winston Weathers

Beyond this flesh, another form. If I clamor at the door, flames upon my face, blood upon my fingertips, let me hear the calling of a new fire beyond the candles of the night, a new dancing beyond these wounds and fears.

When I was a boy, the guitar player would stop in the courtyard three floors below my room. He would stop there in the hot summer afternoon because a fountain flowered in the courtyard, and sitting down on the stone bench that circled the fountain, he would pull the great blue hat down over his eyes and tighten the yellow scarf around his neck. Then he would pick up the guitar, and holding it in his arms, he would begin to play.

Sometimes I would be asleep in my room or sometimes I would be stretched out on the hot bed watching the flies crawl on the cracked ceiling, watching the flies cluster above me, and sometimes I would be feeling the sweat on my forehead running into my eyes. Sometimes I would be asleep on the hot sheets stretched across the cheap, noisy bed and I would hear him down below me. Then because I could not sleep and because it was hot, I would get up. I would put on my clothes. I would stumble down the stairs. I would go out in the courtyard to wash my face in the fountain. I would hear him playing his guitar and he would be singing.

After awhile he would say, "You got a guitar?"

"No," I would say. "I don't have none."

"You ought to get one."

"So?"

"You ought to," he would say. And he would smile from beneath his blue hat, his strange white smile stretched across the amber of his face, his long fingers clicking on the wood of the guitar. "The guitar is like a person," he would say. "It is like a person you take into your arms and you caress it and it cries and sings." Then he would lift his dark eyes up toward me, looking at me from beneath the blue hat, saying softly, "It sings of another kingdom and another love."

He was not a young man. He was not old. He was not old enough to be my father, but he was old enough to be my brother. He would come on summer days into the courtyard with his guitar, come wearing a great yellow sash about his waist and pants that were tight and blue. He would sit on the stone bench of the fountain, playing his guitar, tapping his boots on the courtyard stones.

Of palms and pomegranates he would sing, and garlands of wild orchids thrown upon the shoulders of matadors who rode the golden bulls over the golden streets, who lifted their golden lances into the blue arena of the festivals of love.

"Wha is your name?" he would ask.

"Juan," I would say.

"Juan who?"

"Juan Ortega."

"You live here?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen years."

"You are grown up then."

"Sure."

"You know about love then."

"Sure."

He would smile at me from beneath the blue hat. "You ought to get a guitar. It would talk to you. It would tell you about another kingdom and another kind of love, a love beyond music and beyond the fire."

On rainy days he did not come. On rainy days I would stay in my room, lying on the bed, smoking cigarettes, and looking at pictures of girls. I would listen to the rain against the building. It was like a song. It was like someone was singing a song about some place I had never been, some place beyond the mountains, some place far away. And I would think of love. I would curl up on the empty bed in the empty room. *I do not want a guitar,* I would tell myself. *I do not want a guitar to hold in my arms.* But there was the rain outside, and it was like someone was singing to me and calling me away.

When I would see him next, I would ask, "Where do you go when it rains?"

He would smile. "On the other side of the music."

I would spit on the ground. Yet I could not keep from wondering. "So where do you go in the winter?" I would have to ask him.

"South."

"How far?"

"Down into Mexico. Down into Mexico even beyond Mexico City. I go where it is very warm, where the orchids hang on the vines and where a great blue river comes singing down from the mountains."

"You like it?"

"Sure," he would say.

"How do you get there?"

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"I play my guitar," he said. "It is on the other side of the music. I play my guitar and go to another kingdom. You ought to go there, too."

Then I would laugh. I did not spit upon the dry earth. But I stretched in the hot sun and laughed uproariously. And he would look up at me from beneath the blue hat as though he were saying, *You are laughing now. Someday you will not laugh at all. Someday you will understand.*

When winter came he did not come anymore. He did not come after November, for he had gone south into Mexico across the river, and he did not come again until March. In the winter I went to visit the fancy women who lived seven blocks away. I would leave my room and walk in the cold air of the evening, through the courtyard with the stupid, lifeless fountain, past the ruins of the old cathedral where the soldiers had violated the altar, and I would walk the seven blocks, go up the stairs in the evening shadows, make love with the fancy women. I was seventeen years and I was grown up, so I would make love with the fancy women, who would laugh and say, "You are a beautiful matador! You are a killer of golden bulls!" I would feel the fancy women run their painted fingers through the dark curls of my hair. Sometimes I would make love while the wind and the rain fell against the windows where the fancy women lived, the wind and the rain singing softly, like someone singing about another season somewhere beyond the mountains. It was like someone outside the window, whispering songs into the room, whispering to me, calling me to come along and go away.

When the sun came and the fountain filled with water, then he would come again, and I would come walking across the courtyard to find him sitting there with his guitar in his arms. He would be singing a song. He would have a bright ring on his amber fingers, a ring glistening in the sunlight, glistening as his long fingers moved over the guitar.

"You got one yet?" he would ask.

"No," I would say.

He would smile. "You have had wind and rain?"

"Yes. Wind and rain."

"I went where there is very little wind and rain. On the other side of the music. Now I am back again."

"So I see."

"You are looking more grown up," he said. "You have had a good winter?"

"A good winter," I told him.

His eyes winked beneath the blue hat. "I'm very glad. I thought perhaps you were lonely in the shadows and the ruins."

He sat straight on the stone bench, the guitar cradled in his lean arms. It was pressed against his straight, thin torso, a long brown guitar, the color of rich earth out of which some beautiful orchids might grow. His fingers moved quickly over the strings as he played the guitar, as he sang the songs.

"You ought to get a guitar," he said. "You ought to go into Mexico. You ought to come along with me."

"I don't want a guitar."

IT'S FOUR A.M., MY DARLING DAUGHTERS

Arms chaplinesque
legs akimbo
you mime
your frantic semaphores
and bawl
until I play
the wet-nurse
to your thirst.
Outrageous
in presumption
your miasmic prepossession
fumbles
any adjacent thing
to be its teat
so
you suck
my knuckle
for a treat.
Discontent
to gum
my unrewarding fist
you shriek
commands,
break wind
upon the world's head
and so direct
the force of things
to fill your belly
that
I'm coerced,
in fact
concede,
as you conspire
with what
delicate
greed.

Peter Michelson

"We could sing our way to another kingdom."

"No," I said. "I'm a very happy man. I am happy where I am."

"But you would like it," he said. And he sang of palms and pomegranates and garlands of wild orchids thrown upon the shoulders of matadors who rode the golden bills over the golden streets, who lifted their golden lances into the blue arena of the festivals of love.

He sang and he laughed and I hated him in the hot sunlight, and I cried out at him, "No! I don't want a guitar." I sttood up very straight in the sun. "I am a living man and I am seventeen years. I am not a fool! You think I am ignorant? I am Juan Ortega!"

I spit upon the earth and upon his music. He looked at me standing the sun. He saw the dark hair on my chest. He laughed.

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"You have had women in your arms?"

"Yes. I have had women."

He laughed again. "And you can tell the living from the dead?" He looked at me from beneath the blue hat and he tapped his leather boots on the stone of the courtyard. Then he threw back his head and laughed again. "You can tell me who you are? You can tell me the number of your years?"

The flies were gathering in the sunlight, against the windows of the buildings around the courtyard. At the corners of the courtyard, yellow leaves of grass were struggling to grow. When I was a boy I would play in the courtyard with other children. We would play in a circle around the fountain, sometimes in the shadows of the evening, and we would sometimes see the dogs in the courtyard making love. When I was a boy I would watch the dogs making love until my mama would call from up in the darkness. *You come in, Juan. You stop watching that.* That was when I was a boy and before the guitar player came.

He sat there on the stone bench and he was not young and he was not old. He was dark and had eyes that were shadowed beneath the great blue hat he wore. He was a thin man who wore bright blue pants and a yellow sash and a yellow scarf and he had a bright ring on his finger and beneath his white silk shirt was his beating heart.

At sundown I would go down to a beer joint two blocks away. I would sit down in a booth, order beer, smoke cigarettes, listen to the juke box playing the hot music, and I would tap my palms on the table. This was the life. I was seventeen years and my name was Juan Ortega and this was the life I wanted to live. I would drink a lot of beer, then I would get up and go into the alley. Then I would come back and drink a lot more beer. I would drink beer until I felt very silly and want to laugh and hear the juke box playing the hot music. Maybe somebody would be singing on the juke box, *Why don't you come along with me, baby? Why don't you come along with me?* Then half drunk, I would go outside on the street. The sun would have gone down. It would be night. It would be dark.

I walked down the street, through darkness, past the ruins of the cathedral where the soldiers had touched the altar with their bleeding hands. I walked into the courtyard where I lived. The sun had gone down. Things were so dark. And I had decided to kill him if he spoke to me, if he said anything to me at all. I was strong enough to kill him. I could do it with my hands.

He was sitting at the fountain's edge, almost lost in the darkness, but not all lost, for I could vaguely see him. I thought he smiled at me. "You ought to have a guitar." His voice did not leave me. His voice was strange and compelling and soft and very close. "You ought to have a guitar and you ought to come with me."

I would have turned and gone to the building and walked up the stairs to my room, stretched out on the bed, smoked my cigarettes, shut the window, looked at the pictures of women. But his voice did not leave me. And I had decided to kill him. With my own hands.

"You can try my guitar. You can sit down beside me and try my guitar. You will like it. It will sing to you."

Water in the fountain made a soft sound as it fell, a sound like a song, a song whispering to me. It was whispering something I could not understand. I tried to spit on the dark earth. I tried to lift my hands that I might strike him down. I tried to rage in the darkness against him and the music.

"You don't understand," I cried. I'm a very fortunate man! I have nothing to hunger for!"

I stumbled toward him, my hands opening like claws to grab him, my arms wide in anger. I hated him as I had never hated in all my life, a sick, deep hate in my chest, in my groin, in my legs.

But I could not touch him. I could only sit down beside him on the stone bench by the fountain.

He smiled at me from beneath the blue hat.

He put the guitar into my arms.

He put his yellow scarf around my neck.

He laughed.

I bent over the guitar.

I tried to finger it.

Sitting in the darkness in the courtyard, I could feel the guitar in my arms and I did not understand. It was like having a person in my arms and I began to play the guitar and it was like someone was in my arms and I was asking a terrible question and someone was crying back and singing to me, singing to me the secrets of another kingdom and another love, and I began to laugh in the darkness and tap my feet on the stone and tilt my eyes into the bright heavens where the moon was growing yellow and the sky was growing blue.

The fancy women would ask, Where has he gone? Where has Juan Ortega gone?

The fancy women would grow old in the winter rain, frail decaying flowers, folded into musty corners of the building, seven blocks away. The fancy women would grow old, frightened before their image in the glass, go laughing down the stairway, running into the wind and rain. The fancy women would call in the night, Where has he gone? Where has Juan Ortega gone?

I was laughing. And he was laughing with me. *Sing what you hear singing! Sing what you see beyond the music! Sing of the other kingdom and the other love!*

I felt his hands, for they were tying a yellow sash around me, and I was playing the guitar. I had become the guitar player, and it was like making love in the darkness. Then I did not laugh anymore. Frightened and lost, I began to cry. For music was in the darkness. And darkness was in the music. We rose and walked beyond the courtyard, beyond the ruins of this world in all its shadows, toward the distant matadors, toward new fire beyond the candles of the night, toward new dancing beyond these wounds and fears.

And can I ever tell you what I found—or what the song I chanced to sing?

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OF BOOKS AND BOOZE

Tony Swain

I am addressing these remarks to my fellow drinking intellectuals—or intellectual drinkers, depending on your own personal area of emphasis. Literate friends and boon companions, I know we all agree that in this troubled age our two greatest sources of solace are books and booze. I am, however, also certain that, in the interest of maintaining a stable society, you will share my alarm at the growing disparity in our national rate of consumption of these two worthy commodities. For the statistical fact is that America is now spending thirteen billion dollars per year on alcoholic beverages—and less than two billion on books. Over six times as much is going for booze as for books!

And who is responsible for this imbalance of eleven billion dollars? Considering that alcoholics just about average off with teetotallers and non-intellectual drinkers are offset by abstaining juvenile and textbook readers, I'm afraid that if we look into our hearts and bookcases and liquor cabinets, we are faced with the obvious conclusion that we drinking intellectuals are responsible for tippling the balance.

Should you doubt the truth of this, just for a moment think over the last month. How many books did *you* buy . . . and how many bottles of alcohol and drinks in bars? Even cheating a bit and not counting that bottle of cooking sherry, the figures are, I'm sure, damning. Isn't it time that all of us drinkers of good conscience made a concerted effort to remove this bar sinister from the brand of the Great Society?

Some among you, aroused by these appalling statistics, may immediately want to call upon our Congressmen for assistance. But, occupied as they are with such compelling problems as whether the marigold or the shasta daisy should be designated as our national flower, it would be presumtuous of us to ask that they legislate us out of our literary poverty pocket. (Anyway, they historically have tended to go overboard when it comes to restrictive alcoholic legislation.)

No, I'm afraid that, in every sense, the solution lies within ourselves. What we must do is enter into a solemn pact with our fellow drinking intellectuals and intellectual drinkers to change the American book-to-booze ratio to an honorable one to one.

Just how do we go about doing this? It's as simple as the proverbial ABC—an *A*lcohol *B*ook *C*oordination Plan. Each time we buy a bottle of liquor, we buy a book of equal monetary value. Before we permit ourselves to purchase another bottle of the same kind of alcoholic beverage, we must, as a point of honor, finish reading the book. For ABC, you see, is not simply a program for eliminating an embarassing national statistic, but for elevating the level of knowledge in the country as well.

Since intellectual growth is one of our goals, an obvious flaw in the ABC Plan immediately floats to the surface. Some of the less dedicated and more thirsty participants might give lip and eyeball service by buying and reading their books, but they would restrict their selections to such genres as Jean Harlow biographies and Peanuts and Mad Magazine anthologies—volumes that could be tossed off as quickly as the contents of a false-bottomed shot glass and which would advance their intellectuality not at all. Therefore, to save this weaker element from itself, there must be built into the Plan a series of buy-laws specifying the type of book you must buy for each variety of alcohol. The following come to mind logically:

Gin ..... Novels, plays (with special emphasis on Southern regional writers)
Vodka ..... Politics, international relations, social sciences
Bourbon ..... History, biography
Scotch ..... Mathematics, science
Rum ..... travel, adventure, geography
Beer and ale (by the case) ..... Mysteries, westerns
Wine ..... Art, music, poetry
Brandy ..... Philosophy
Liqueurs (especially those produced by religious orders, such as Benedictine and Chartreuse) ..... Religion

An ancillary buy-law would regulate drinking in bars: each drink would require the purchase of an appropriate paperback book. Perhaps bartenders could keep paperback racks right next to the bar as a convenience for drinkers, in much the same way that certain local ordinances require that bars serve food. In the case of bar-purchased drinks, if two or more types of alcohol were combined in a single drink, then two or more types of literature would have to be combined in the paperback. For example: a martini (gin + vermouth) = a play in verse such as *John Brown's Body;* a boilermaker (beer + whiskey) = one of the histories of the West by J. Frank Dobie; a B & B (Benedictine + brandy) = a work on the philosophy of religion, such as Reinhold Niebuhr's *Interpretation of Christian Ethics.*

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There are countless advantages to the ABC Plan besides the basic ones. Drinking intellectuals would, for instance, increase their reading speed tremendously—the carrot and the stick are, motivationally speaking, as nothing compared to the cocktail and the swizzle stick. Bookstores, which are notorious money-losers and bankrupt-goers, would not only sell infinitely more books, but could also be granted liquor licenses to further insure their prosperity. Another great surge in their income could be effected by requiring browsers to buy a glass of something to sip as they leaf the books on display.

If the Plan should meet with popular acceptance it might even serve to obliterate that great American grotesquerie from which many of us have long sought respite, the cocktail party. If the host and hostess had to read books up to the thirst level of their guests, they would think twice before using this wholesale method of social obligation slate-cleaning. If the cocktail party *should* manage to survive in spite of the Plan, at least the conversation level would be lifted out of its mire of banality by the reading the participants had been doing to keep their own liquor cabinets well stocked. Needless to say, the free-loaders in the group would give themselves away by their lack of conversational material.

Properly used, the ABC Plan would advance the cause of hospitality by giving it a new, more profound meaning. If you knew that with each Scotch and soda you consumed your host would have to read a chapter in a scientific treatise, his offer of another drink would have a deeply moving effect upon you. Then, too, the ABC Plan would eliminate that perennial hail-fellow-ill-met, the drink loader. When he realized that *he* would be the one paying the literary price the next morning, he'd be much less likely to come up with the five-ounce highball for the one-drink guest.

It would, however, be unrealistic to pretend that there would be no problems associated with the ABC Plan. For example, when a man's wife discovered his coat stuffed with paperbacks, there would be no doubt in her mind about what he'd been up to. There would be additional expenses, too—the cost of the books, themselves, plus new bookcases in our homes and apartments to accommodate more than our current collections of Book-of-the-Month Club editions of *Remembrance of Things Past* and Churchill's *History of the Second World War*.

Of course, book clubs might be persuaded to cooperate and help cut costs for ABC members by establishing affiliates, such as the Book-and-Booze-of-the Month Club, whose board of directors could include such experts as Alexis Lichine, Trader Vic, and Jackie Gleason. The Reader's Digest Condensed Books could be prevailed upon to incorporate a Drinker's Digest and send out miniature bottles of appropriate liquors along with each quarterly volume.

But probably the greatest problem in connection with the ABC Plan would be a personal one—the all too human tendency to overdrink and underread. What would we do when that time came when everything in the house had been drunk up—even the cooking sherry and possibly even the vanilla—and we had a huge mound of books that had to be read before we could buy any liquor? This might have the sorry result of ABC members appearing on the job with severe bibliohangovers—red, bleary eyes and unbearable headaches caused by staying up all night reading. Possibly to help these unfortunates, we could set up private reading farms in the country where their families and friends could send them to "read out" and return to society ready to drink again.

But certainly we shouldn't scrap a scheme as meritorious as ABC on account of these minor drawbacks. After all, once in effect not only would ABC permit us to hold up our heads statistically with any nation in the world and produce a better-informed, more cultured populace, but it would also give drinking, which suffers under the stigma of being a sinful activity, a new respect, since each glass downed would represent a chapter of good, solid reading.

ABC should have no trouble gaining the support of all elements of our society. Naturally, the publishing industry would back it wholeheartedly, and even the all-powerful liquor lobby should have no objections, for certainly none of us would drink less; we would merely read more. (Neither laws, nor taxes, nor the ABC Plan stays the intellectual drinker from his appointed rounds.)

The most enthusiastic support of all, though, would come from an important group which we have thus far neglected to mention—our drinking writers— or writing drinkers, depending on their own personal area of emphasis. For as Norman Mailer has pointed out, "Every time you buy a hardcover book, it gives the author enough money to buy a drink." And thus would the ABC circle be completed.

But enough of talk. It is time for action. Let us now lift our glasses—both drinking and reading—and pledge our support to the Alcohol Book Coordination Plan.

PROSIT!

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"When the Shark, Babe . . ."

Jack Matthews

Mrs. Cash was too conscientious, too anxious and tense—the sort of woman who is always dropping pens and typewriter erasers in front of your feet, then diving after them in a spasm of embarassment. I remember her as a little taller than average, flat chested and always dressed in clothes that seemed to have been handed down from distant generations, permanently mussed. She was slightly exophthalmic, and once I almost asked her if she shouldn't have a medical examination to see about her thyroid. I know it would have been a stupid and interfering thing to do, but to a certain point, Mrs. Cash seemed impervious to hints. What you said to her was likely either not to get through at all, or to cut clear to the heart. In short, it was very hard to understand Mrs. Cash. All I can say is that I tried.

Because I liked the poor, rattled old girl, I say "old," and yet her age was more a matter of spirit, than anything else. She wasn't much over fifty, but I've seen women over seventy with more grace and poise than Mrs. Cash could muster. Part of this can be explained by her voice; as a very small child, she had suffered an illness which affected her vocal cords. Consequently, she could not speak much above a loud rasping whisper. Furthermore, she spoke rapidly, as if in constant fear of some wildly improbable attack . . . of someone coming up behind and arresting her, or knocking her unconscious with a brutal blow at the base of her neck.

The rapid whisper, the staring eyes and her general air of being eternally doubted or forgotten gave her a strange quality of melodrama. She reminded you of the aging maiden aunt, whose face is seen close-up in an old horror movie as she announces that there are terrors in the house that no one could possibly believe, and it would be best if the intruders all departed, leaving her to cope alone with a mysterious and hideous fate.

The first I knew about the trouble was a reference made by Polly Harris, my secretary, as well as one of the fifteen women I hire in my newspaper clipping service. She put some letters on my desk, and stood there smiling. Polly has deep vertical dimples creasing her cheeks, and when she smiles, she compresses her lips as if she is trying to conceal the fact that she has just popped all the party candy in her mouth and is so smug about it she can't swallow.

"Have you heard about Mrs. Cash?" Polly asked, rubbing her thighs up against my desk.

"No, what about her?" I asked. I took my reading glasses off and stared at Polly.

"She claims that Sandra Ray is her daughter."

"Who's Sandra Ray?" I asked.

"Oh, Mr. Williams!" Polly exclaimed. "Surely you know who Sandra *Ray* is!"

"Damned if I do, Polly; wouldn't have asked if I did."

"Sandra Ray is the most exciting new actress in Hollywood now! She's become a great star in just the past year."

"I see," I said. "And Mrs. Cash . . ."

"That's right. She says Sandra Ray is her daughter."

"Well, what the hell, Polly, maybe she is," I said, turning back to my work.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Williams. Have you ever *looked* at her? Mrs. Cash, I mean? And the other day she brought us some snapshots of her daughter when she was about ten years old, and she didn't look any more like Sandra Ray than my grandfather did. Of course, her daughter had black hair, and she says that she's obviously bleached it now. But that wouldn't make *that* much difference."

"No, I suppose not," I said. I discovered that my fingers were drumming on the desk. For some season, the news didn't titillate me the way it did Polly (and, I suspected, the other women in the office). It seemed simply depressing.

"Well, I wouldn't build it up too big," I said. Even as I spoke, I realized the futility of saying something like this to Polly. In the first place, Polly couldn't have understood the implications if she'd had a three month course on the subject of the rights and feelings of others. But I let it go; Polly wasn't really a bad sort, when you considered the matter. She was simply innocent of consequences.

It was that very evening that I was loafing through a magazine and saw a picture of Sandra Ray. I have always had a healthy interest in pretty girls, but it is the real dolls I am interested in—the ones with flesh, and

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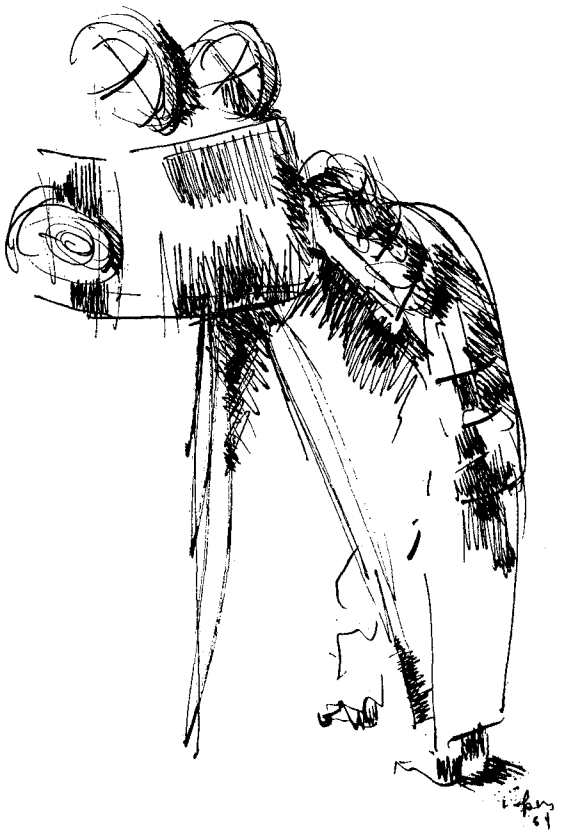
ways of moving their bodies, and expressions in their eyes, and voices that say things to you. I usuallly pass by girly pictures with approximately the same indifference with which I ignore spark plug ads and articles on how to become a better public speaker.

But here was an article about this new actress, Sandra Ray—posed in shorts, walking her Welsh Corgi, wearing a bikini at the beach, eating spaghetti as she sat cross-legged in slacks on the floor . . . and then a dreamy-eyed portrait of her, staring through the cam-



era into the vistas of romance, a hawser-thick braid of blonde hair thrown over her naked shoulder and a look on her face so tender and warm it could have melted a pipe wrench.

I skimmed through the article, then studied this particular photograph for several minutes, trying to find somewhere in those glamorous features an echo of Mrs. Cash—the taut, obsessed woman who moved jerkily about the office, dropping paper clips and notebooks, and whispering rapidly at her fellow workers as she stared at them out of eyes bulged in perpetual alarm.

The bone structure of their faces was somewhat similar, and both women had high foreheads. But beyond that, there was nothing.

I sighed and turned the page of the magazine.

I was away on business over the weekend and couldn't get back until Monday night. Things were pretty complicated during that time, and I hadn't given Mrs. Cash a thought until I came to my office on Tuesday, at about ten-thirty, and Polly brought my mail in.

She leaned up against my desk and watched me open my mail. When I got to the third letter, I looked up and asked: "Anything new about Mrs. Cash?"

"I'm a little surprised you asked," Polly said. "You didn't seem to think it was very funny the other day."

"Not funny, exactly," I said. "But I'm interested."

"Well, you should realize, Mr. Williams, that we wouldn't make fun of her in her presence."

"Sure," I said, looking in my drawer for a pack of spearmint chewing gum I'd thought I'd left there. "But hasn't it occurred to you that Mrs. Cash might be telling the truth?"

Polll's cheeks flexed into deep dimples and her black eyes sparkled. "Come on, Mr. Williams! Edith asked her if she had a recent picture of her daughter—you know, *anything* showing her older than ten years old. Well, Mrs. Cash came in today and said she had a picture around the house someplace, showing her at the age of seventeen, right before she left home. It was a high school graduation picture, she said. But of course she couldn't find it. *Conveniently,* I might add."

I found the pack of spearmint and pulled the tip off. A gust of laughter came from the main office, where thirteen of the women sat at individual desks. I wondered if it had something to do with Mrs. Cash.

"Doesn't her daughter write to her?" I asked. "You'd think she'd have some letters from her."

"Exactly," Polly said. "Although Mrs. Cash says that her daughter left home after a fight. According to the story, she said she would never speak to her mother again, and Mrs. Cash says she hadn't heard from her and had had absolutely no idea what had happened to her until she saw her picture in a magazine just last week."

This information saddened me. I started chewing gum, and then tossed a stick across the desk for Polly, who slit it open with a painted fingernail. A lonely woman, deserted and anxiety-ridden . . . surely it wouldn't take much for her to imagine that a famous and adored young actress was the very child from her body. In fact, it seemed at that moment that given a Mrs. Cash, redemption in the form of Sandra Ray would inevitably appear sooner or later.

"She should write to her now," I said.

"Who?" Polly said.

"I mean, Mrs. Cash should write to Sandra Ray. When did they have this falling out?"

"Oh, she says it was before she came to work for us. And she's been here four years now."

"I know."

Polly started filing the very fingernail which had slit the wrapper off the gum. I would have thought it was sharp enough. Her jaw nibbled at the gum in her mouth as she filed, and her dimples remained, like flexed muscles that would never relax completely.

"Polly, she could be right," I finally said, scattering some papers here and there on my desk. "Damn it, she's not on trial, you know. I mean, hell, when someone says something, you don't immediately ask him to prove it, do you?"

"It depends upon what they say," Polly answered

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slowly. "Now, Mr. Williams, you know very well this is ridiculous. Especially, when . . ."

"When what?" I asked.

"Well, you probably don't know that she's had about four or five nervous breakdowns. She probably didn't mention the fact in her job application."

I didn't say anything; I just stared at an insurance bill before me. I could tell that Polly was watching me, but I didn't look back at her. Let her wonder a bit. Did she suppose that I hadn't looked at the application? Where else could Polly have learned such a thing?

"Well, she could still be telling the truth," I said. "Suppose she does have a daughter who has left home. She has to be *some*place, doing *some*thing. She *could* be Sandra Ray."

"Yes," Polly said. "She could be. And the moon could be made of green cheese, Mr. Williams."

I glanced sharply at the girl, and she went on hurriedly: "I mean, you're awfully nice and sympathetic, Mr. Williams. And that's why all of us like to work for you. You give everybody the benefit of the doubt. But maybe you're *too* nice, sometimes, and *too* trusting. Understand, I'm not criticising; because if that's a fault, it's a wonderful fault to have, Mr. Williams. I sincerely mean that. But, what I mean is, you don't work with Mrs. Cash the way we do. You don't see her the way we do. She doesn't ever say anything to you, but believe me, she says plenty to us. And a lot of it is wild. I mean *wild*. Like having men follow her home at nights and a landlady who's a Communist. And all sorts of things like that. We don't mean to be unkind, or anything. But every one of us is just sort of fed up with that weird way she has of talking and staring at you all the time, like she's looking for your jugular vein to sink her fangs in, or something. You can get awfully tired of a person like that. I think she should be in a sanitarium some place, where they could take care of her properly."

At that instant, Mitch Geyer stuck his head in the door and said, "Hello deh, Boss," in his imitation of Louis Armstrong.

"How was the trip, Mitch?" I asked.

"I made us some money, Boss!" Mitch said, in the same rasping voice.

"Reports all made out?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah! I got em right heah in dis heah brief case, Boss." Mitch patted the brief case and did a little shuffle. He was short, red-faced and fat, with dark eyes that looked even blacker because of Mitch's gray hair, crew-cut in a thick nap that almost touched his eyebrows, his forehead was so low.

"No hurry," I said. "Just shoot it to me sometime today."

"Okay, Boss."

Mitch swung back out in the hall. As he walked away, I heard him singing: "When de shark, Babe, in de watuh . . ." and saw him flail his arm in a violent wave at all the women in the main office. Undoubtedly, all the old girls simpered back at him and tickled their little fingers in the air.

ON FRESH WORK OF STUDENT ARTISTS

for Nancy Hamilton and Gaye Graves
'Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.'
—Keats' *Ode on Indolence*

I'd have every exhibition be
new breath for men on tired mornings.
Even colors of the April dawn
are not enough in worlds of walls
and thoughts (and it's thinking
makes us need some secret kiss).
Once I let my body lapse
and threw my formal shoulder
to my Buick's wheel; I felt
a wreck of flesh, the urge to shape
distorted in the fender's twists.
And now these strokes, dances
skirting hearts to fingertips,
from them to paint and clay—
O how they bear again the wounds
we need to kiss! This blazing here
is full of fright to start a saint!
By these fast walls, I think
my human lips allow me rest:
all who open their mouths
to speak are full of hope.

Peter L. Simpson

For an instant, I reflected that there is nothing quite so insufferable as a man of forty-six who is cute, and nothing more than cute; unless conceivably it as a roomful of women, average age about forty-five, who *think* he's cute.

But the fact was, Mitch was a man untouched by serious thought, and his immunity had left him with a certain grace that simply can't be acquired. Furthermore, he was a damned good salesman, and we needed him.

Polly went back to work, and I busied myself with the insurance report, some telephone calls and general correspondence for the rest of the morning. Mitch and I had lunch together, and we discussed our respective trips, and he gave me his report to look over while we ate. Then we came back to the office, and went back to work. After a few minutes at my desk, I got restless and lighted a cigar. Then I walked to the hallway in time to see Mrs. Cash hurry into the restroom, holding a handkerchief to her nose. I wondered if she was ill—had a nose bleed, or something, so I crossed the hall to the main office, and was suddenly aware that things were unnaturally quiet——no typewriters banging, for one thing.

Then I saw Mitch standing in front of the desks, facing the women, who were all grinning at him. They shifted their attention to me, and Mitch didn't lose over a fraction of his grin when he saw me. I understood the compliment of being included in the fun.

Mitch turned back to the women. "This Sandra Ray

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chick," he said in what sounded like a falsetto version of his Louis Armstrong voice, but which was undoubtedly supposed to be something else . . . "She's my daughter." Mitch's eyes were opened wide and unblinking as he rasped out the words. The women and Mitch all laughed, and then turned to see my reaction.

I suppose I should have come down on them at that instant . . . should have taken a stand for decency and fair-play, or some such thing. But somehow I didn't. They *wanted* me to share in their ritual of expulsion, and I was weak enough to succumb to what seemed to be the kindness of the moment, rather than stand as a witness for a less immediate and less tangible kindness.

Which is to say, I grinned, and listened with a false air of appreciation to Mitch as he played variations on the theme of Mrs. Cash's madness.

After a minute or so, I turned back into the hallway and stood face-to-face with Mrs. Cash herself, who was standing there staring bulge-eyed past my shoulder at the room of women, as they in turn sat totally absorbed in Mitch's antics.

There was a sharp clap of laughter from the room. Mrs. Cash reacted as if someone had slapped her face. She blinked once as the sound hit her, and then she blinked very slowly . . . so slowly, in fact, that for the barest instant I thought she had closed her eyes and was about to faint.

But she didn't. Her eyes lifted open and she turned around and walked back to the restroom, leaving me standing there with the rot of that stupid false grin still clinging to my face.

I turned back to the room of women and to Mitch, and said: "All right, goddam it, that will be enough!"

They all looked suspended in surprise, like people caught off-guard by a flashbulb, as they looked at me and absorbed what I had just said.

"Too damned much," I said, before I returned to my office. But I'm not sure they heard me. Anyway, it was too late if they did.

Before this incident, I had once or twice fancied that I might be able to call Mrs. Cash into my office and help her in some way. Find out, for one thing, about this daughter of hers and come to some sort of personal decision about whether or not her story might possibly be true. I also thought that I might be able to find out why her daughter had left her in the first place. And perhaps even learn something about her dead husband.

In reverie, I had imagined her saying, "Nobody believes me. What does one do when he tells the truth and isn't believed?" Or: "My daughter could save me from all this. She could return and take me with her, so that I wouldn't have to put up with the sneers of Mitch Geyer and Polly Harris and the cruelties of those other women."

Of course, these things were the melodramatic and unreal acts of my imagination. And the fact was, I couldn't have begun to start a conversation with her. I had long before learned that it was like electrocuting her to ask a personal question; and the question facing us now, I realized, must be terribly, finally important.

But now, after Mitch's impersonation and the laughter of the women in the main office, I could not have hoped to talk with Mrs. Cash, even if she had been a far different sort of person. Several times we passed each other in the hall like drivers in separate cars—preoccupied strangers, speeding in opposite directions toward unknown destinations.

This state of affairs lasted only a day or two, however, because on Friday Mrs. Cash did not appear for work.

I asked Polly to call her landlady, who immediately went upstairs to the room Mrs. Cash had rented and found her body lying in her bed. I heard later that the poor woman's hair was up in curlers, and the strangeness of this fact won't leave me alone.

An autopsy, plus an empty whiskey bottle and prescription box beside her bed, along with a check on the date when the prescription had been filled, suggested that Mrs. Cash had committed suicide by taking twenty-two tranquilizers of the chloropromazine group, washed down by a pint of blended whiskey.

I wrote an air mail, special delivery letter to Sandra Ray, in care of her studio in Hollywood, and I had Polly take care of the funeral arrangements. Apparently, Mrs. Cash had no friends at all, unless you could include the women in the office and myself.

If I were writing this as a story and could control the events to point toward an insight into human intolerance, and build the incidents into some sort of moral testament, I would tell about the funeral—unattended, except for the remaining fourteen women of our office force, Mitch Geyer and myself. Then at the last minute, I would have Sandra Ray walk in—wearing black, her face pale and without make-up . . . a look of astronomical desolation on her face.

But Sandra Ray did not attend the funeral.

The fourteen women, Mitch Geyer and I were all there, however. I insisted upon that. The service was drab, pointless, and mercifully short. After it was over, we all drove dutifully out to the cemetery and watched the inexpensive casket lowered into earth by four strong green straps of cloth rolling smoothly over polished chrome rods.

And that was all, except for a letter I received about a week later from Sandra Ray's manager. He was writing, he said to convey Miss Ray's profound regret that she had not been able to attend the funeral of her mother, but previous commitments of overwhelming importance . . . etc. In the letter, he also thanked me, on behalf of Miss Ray, for notifying her of the tragic event.

I thumbtacked the letter on the bulletin board, and I am sure that most, if not all, the women read it. But I don't suppose one of them realized to what extent the letter concerned her personally.

I saw Mitch Geyer glance at it five minutes after I had put it up. I was standing just inside my office, opening a stick of spearmint gum, and I watched Mitch as he glanced perfunctorily over the letter.

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He whistled with surprise, sensed my presence, and turned his head toward me. He jerked his thumb at the letter.

"Goddam, Willy, did you see this?" he asked.

I nodded and snapped my gum involuntarily. I didn't speak or smile.

"Who'd have thought the old bat was telling the truth?" Mitch asked, wonderingly.

When I didn't answer, Mitch frowned and looked perplexed.

"Goddam, she sure fooled us, didn't she?"

"She sure did," I said.

Mitch turned back to the letter and stared at it for an instant. Then he shook his head, and started back toward his office. For some reason, I thought of Mrs. Cash's body as it must have looked when they first found her in bed, wearing hair curlers and stone cold.

Before he opened the door to his office, I heard singing: "When du shark, Babe, in du watuh . . ."

Of course what I would really like to know is just what happened between this mother and daughter. What could account for the cruel intransigence of so lovely a girl, whose expression was so tender that merely looking at her picture made you think of love and music.

And, if I were a writer, I would think of that terrible divorcement between mother and daughter, and so help me I would create meaning from the least tangible evidence . . . from no evidence at all. I would have something to say about this woman and about this girl.

But as it is, there is nothing to go on; and there is no point in speculating about something that will probably never be known.

I seem to be able to stay just about as friendly with the fourteen women as I've always been. Mrs. Cash hasn't been replaced yet; however we are advertising for a woman.

But there are times when I simply look at them as they sit there before their desks working, and I feel an ineffable disgust at what they are . . . at something dirty and soiled in the very existence they embody. And then I have to remind myself that each one of them—even the cruel Polly, is possibly something of a Mrs. Cash in her heart; and maybe the only wisdom is pity and forbearance . . . and courage.

I am less patient with Mitch. For one thing, his damned impersonation of Louis Armstrong has gotten sickening. It is still mockingly suggestive of his imitation of Mrs. Cash, and if he weren't such a damned fool, he would remember.

But he has no more sensitivity than a big, stupid puppy. He would be the last person in the world to realize how my feelings about him have changed since Mrs. Cash's death. But I swear, if Mitch Geyer steps out of line just once, I'll fire the son of a bitch.

THE LAND SUBLIME

B. Canary Van Lare

It is time to bury you, Emaline, and you are having a two-priest funeral. Even with all the doctor bills, darling, they are putting you away in style. Why are those flowers in there, Emmy? Through the fine silk lace I can see them. They have your glasses in your left hand and a Bible in your right and down inside the casket are nosegays and orchids. Yellow roses from your little girl. I sent those striped carnations with the cinnamon scent—the ones in the basket with the cream ribbon. Gold letters say Darling Emaline. We sang Darling Emaline and her shoes are number nine. What have they put now on your sweet little feet?

I didn't know relatives sent bouquets to go in there with you. How does one order? Send out three white orchids and I'm the youngest sister, so mine ought to be placed, I'd say, about mid-thigh on the left side?

"Yes, Father Baroda, I have heard of you too. Emmy admired you so much!" Had a couple of drinks, didn't you, Father? Big man in beard and cassock. Six languages, your years in concentration camps, your faith. But you don't find it easy to bury Emmy. I wish I had a drink too.

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I will sit here with the family. Good people—isn't that what you said? And, they are glad I'll be having a baby. So many ribbons are printed, but at least none say Gone But Not Forgotten. Are you gone, Emaline? Are you gone? You winked at me when they cried for our mother. Whispered, "Here's to the soggy world of smaltz—may it neither surprise nor annoy us!"

I didn't know both priests would chant at once. It is beautiful, beautiful, Emmy, and I don't think I am going to scream. They have sent parts of you to the University, darling, to learn what ate you alive. "Yes," I said. "She would have wanted that." Did you want that, Emaline? Did you want your heart and liver sent to Pittsburgh?

They are crying "Hi Yii" and closing the lid and I can no longer see your clipped curls. Emmy, of the swinging red hair and yellow dresses, they are boxing you up to bury. They have lit the censers and the sweet, choking smoke is pulling us after your coffin. Your Daniel hangs on my arm and we stumble and sit in the first car. Erlene is back there with Father. He is almost drunk and he cried, "Emmy! Emmy!" and kicked in the library door. We have dressed lovely Sarah Mae in a white dress, but I said, "She will not go to the church."

Oh, Lord! They are lining us up again. All your favorite cousins of Daniel carry you tenderly. These big handsome men with chalk white gloves waft you up the church steps behind the two priests. The Fathers embroider the air with resonant voices. Their black skirts swing in time with their censers.

Father Baroda sings and puts down a gold cross on your poor little bosom. Sweet Jesus, we all have to kiss it! I cannot do it, Emmy, but they will forgive me because I am pregnant. Daniel said way back then, "They marry and bury you hard." How your green eyes fired when you wore the glittering crown! Where are they now, Emaline? Those green eyes you signed away? Does a blind man see in Pittsburgh? Or in Allegheny County?

The Father has finished and I haven't listened. You are closed in, Emaline, with the pink silk and the cross and flowers. "Hi Yii" they are crying, Emmy. Erlene and Father too! He is stoned and she is lost and Daniel is sagging and bloated with weeping. His sister should have seen the dentist instead of buying a nosegay.

It is the graveyard. How long your Orthodox way. They put you on no track to wheel you. They have carried you, frail tiny bird, in your heavy bronze cage. Handsome cousins have carried you to the edge of your grave. They crank you down and make the cross and white gloves, stripped from their beautiful hands, float down to rest on your cover. I will say no goodbye rattling clay on your coffin!

We wash our hands outside the door and white linen is hung by the bench. "We don't really believe it, that it washes death away, but it is the custom, you know. A ritual." "Oh, yes, I understand!"

The table is spread and we need it. A funeral tires one so. They salute your dying with gold noodle soup and the crisp baked round pogaca. On my day I'll be hailed with fried chicken; custard pie. Remember Aunt Myrtle's Mourning? You and I laughed as we ate, and "Oh, Lord!" you cried, "weep for me with Nettie's lemon meringue but mourn me not with Mable's banana cream!"

The new tile in the bath is nice, Emaline. You chose just the right color as always. The soup made me sick. I just looked at those noodles and thought Golden Nemotodes will creep over Emmy. Who knows I am vomiting? Ask a pregnant woman "Where?" and if she smiles and delicately places her hand upon her belly they all believe she has to urinate. Universal language. Maybe I was going out to slash my wrists or pray. Maybe I am a mainliner and need a fix.

Golden Nemotodes won't creep on you, will they? Don't they ride in on potted plants from Mexico? Your kitchen table is piled high with dry, pale noodles. Excelsior. Your in-laws, good women, have loved you and cried and rolled the dough and cut it fine as hair Did you play Sadie and Rachel with your little girl here? Play while you swept or washed dishes? Were you Sadie? Did you bang her head with a pan lid? The way we used to play?

I sit on the gray, stringy grass and talk with Sarah Mae. We watch the watery sun. Hands tented together on my brown gabardine skirt, we feel the fluttering, wondering baby.

Sarah whispers, "Are you Rachel?" You did wash dishes and play, Emmy! I gravely confide now I am Sadie. She still does not quite believe and her Rachel voice flutes thinly, "Sister, dost thou pine for the Land Sublime?" It has been so, so long, but I have not forgotten. I clasp her wild red curls and softly shout, "Yea, Sister! Where the woodbine twineth, the lion roareth, and the whangdoodle suckles her newborn!"

Oh, glory! They can cry in their noodle soup, Emmy. Sarah Mae and I know where you are.

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THE CULTURAL-ENRICHMENT RAP

Rose J. Smith

Ten years ago, if a grade-schooler were going to be advanced, it involved two things—the child's ability to do the work, and the parents' consent. The quality of the child's work was obvious to the teacher, and the parent conference might take fifteen minutes if there were questions.

Not so today. Today we have psychometrists, psychology, social peers, and cultural enrichment.

Since we have just had our first-grader's psyche probed with the icy fingers of psychometry, I would like to warn all the parents of above-average children just what to expect, and, if possible, avoid.

First of all, never, NEVER read anything about the testing field in general. The layman's opinion is worthless, the available material is faulty, and no intelligent person could correctly assimilate all the profound knowledge that a tester uses. Just ask one. He'll tell you. And even though the child got his native intelligence some place, rest assured that he did not get it from his parents. All testers treat parents as children and resent any probing queries about their work. All one does is supply the child.

Do not use the word 'test' to the child, do not tell him why he is being tested, and do not ask about the contents or scope of the test. Above all, don't ask why an intelligent child hasn't the intelligence to ask WHY he is being tested. (One must stop using that word; they are being "evaluated in toto"). It is imperative that the child remain in ignorance, for expectation could cause a nervous response and the whole thing would have to be thrown out. Just let the child be told two weeks ahead of time that a 'special' man will come to talk to him, that no one else in the room will take the test, and that he must not tell anyone else in the class about it. Then the child can safely assume he's being punished (as ours did) which plays hob with his reaction, and they have to throw the whole thing out.

After some weeks of juggling reports, schedules, and appointments, the great day dawns. One doesn't know this at the time, of course, because secrecy is of such prime importance; the reason for this is as obscure as the contents, date, and results of the test.

Suddenly the afternoon arrives when the little one (in our case, a daughter) comes running in screaming, "I've had the test!"

It took an hour and a half, it was all oral, and the tester asked some "silly questions."

Some examples which caused me to wonder how my daughter would have evaluated HIM were—What are nails? To which she answered, "What kind of nails do you mean?" and was forced to explain the difference between nails you use to build a building and fingernails. Then there was—What are letters? And when she again asked him what kind he meant, he told her that *he* was asking the questions. Patiently she made it clear that there were two types involved. Then there were the sneaky questions: Do you think the kid across the street has it better? Do your Mommy and Daddy love you?

So much for the test, but was that all? NO!

There ensued evaluations, conferences, and consultations with superiors, the home visit to see if it is culturally enriched, more conferences, etc.

The home visit is unexpected of course, which makes me wonder if they get some secret kick out of seeing my underwear on the floor. Well, they certainly caught us with our culture down, so to speak.

My husband was off that day, so he staggered around, pajamaclad, in the shambles left by fifteen guests the day before, and managed to get the kids off to school on time. Naturally, I was in bed, not seeing the sense to us *both* getting up. Fortunately, we developed an immense thirst and so by noon had managed to dress and go to town for a quart of beer. In a short-lived fit of energy that morning, I had stripped all the beds in an effort to force myself into washing the sheets. After the beer had had its groggy effect, we sacked out on the mattress pads for a short nap. The baby was asleep for his nap—why shouldn't we? It was a day off—remember?

The oldest boy was home already (I HATE double sessions!) and was busily concocting a weird smell with vinegar and baking soda in a 'how-to' experiment, when the door bell rang. Being an honest child and also bright enough to sense the full implications of the situation, he opened the door and yelled, "Hey, Mom! Dad! You'll HAVE to get out of bed now. The prin-

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cipal is here!" Then with a laugh he ran back to the mess he was making of the kitchen.

So the beer wafted from my husband's unshaven stubble as he greeted the school principal and the tester. Pardon me. The psychometrist. As I, with my beery breath and bleary eyes came down to step through the mess and welcome them with a sick, and, I hoped, hospitable smile. I didn't take time to put on shoes and the total effect of a yellow, paint-stained sweatshirt, turquoise checked slacks, and chartreuse socks couldn't have been better calculated to take their eyes off the empty beer bottle on the table.

I shouldn't have worried about the beer bottle. When my eyes finally opened, they took in the dirty cocktail shaker, and two almost dead bottles of booze, along with the the dirty dishes and pans that are normally on my drainboard.

Magazines, the Sunday papers, and dirty socks had been thrown tastefully about the living room. Yesterday's visiting teen-agers had been playing rock and roll on the organ, and the music littered the bench, adding color to an otherwise drab piece of furniture. The fireplace was full of enriched milk cartons. And naturally, just *naturally,* since we had just had the house built about three months before, they wanted a 'tour' to see the architectural features! Now I ask you, how could they find them? It was easy to see what I prefer to call the lived-in look, but that was about all.

The boys' room had piles of freshly dumped gravel on the floor. As they crunched noisily through the Mad magazines, broken crayons, and stuffed bears, to see what was under the microscope, they woke the baby who had been blissfully dreaming on the plastic 'accident proof' mattress cover of the bottom bunk. But the lens were so dirty they couldn't see a thing.

My daughter is sufficiently alert to have been horrified at the thought that they had been in *her* room.

Books and records were spread out all over the family room since we haven't gotten the bookcases up yet. This is the room where the children have their toys and are allowed to play.

The laundry was invisible under the layer of mittens, boots, and wet pants that seven children had used in the snow the day before. But in plain sight was the atrocity on my easel that I had hoped to make into a painting some day. Under the table full of paint tubes, brushes, rags, and turpentine, a two months collection of old pop bottles was on display.

The interview itself began as soon as we had cleared a place to sit down on the couch and poured some coffee.

Nothing was said. Nothing that you could put your finger on, and when they left we were still in the dark as to how our daughter scored.

'Peer groups' was bandied about loosely. It seems my exceptional child doesn't feel on the same level as the mediocrities her age forces her to socialize with. If she's above them, she shouldn't feel their games are childish or beneath her, should she? I'm not very bright, so I couldn't think of any geniuses who were the life of the party. I knew there are some who enjoy a few friends or entertainments, but most are so busy with inventions or research for the good of mankind and their own satisfaction that they hardly have time to wear lampshades with their peers.

We were asked if we had plans to take the child on field trips, or in any way add to her education at home on our own. Now, I don't know how much faith you have in the public school system, but I do know that I couldn't rate mine very high. Besides, the obvious factor completely overlooked in deep, psychological probes, is that this is *my* child. Naturally I want to teach her things. True, some of it is on sanitary and maintainance levels, but what mother doesn't want to tell her child things or have her learn? Could I just wash my hands of her, ignore questions, throw away the benefit of experience, and leave it all to the schools? In all honesty, could I keep my mouth shut even if I tried?

During a full hour's discussion on the merits, depth, and qualifications of pschometrics, we kept trying to bring the subject around to our girl. What about her? Did she pass the test? It was all in vain, for the sum total of the information they felt we could absorb was, that much more evaluation was needed before such a drastic step as promotion could be taken. We must confer with the head of guidance for the county, the teacher, and the psychometrist one more time. All this would take study, of course. But as long as she was doing second grade work now, she may as well continue for the time being.

After a full month of waiting for the next two conferences, my husband decided to take the bull by the horns and asked the principal when they were scheduled. "Didn't the teacher tell you?" he said. "She passed. It's all settled." With his own natural stubborness, he also checked with the teacher. It was a good thing he did. No one had told *her.*

And so in two months time, at great expense to the taxpayer, it was discovered that what the teacher had said in the beginning was true. She was capable of doing the work. She could skip a grade.

Since I lack training in this field, I had no way of knowing that just because she had been doing second grade work, she was capable of it.

I got the message. I think I owe myself a fuzzy sweater!

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Alice in Adland

Joyce McWilliams

People who write travel ads must have a direct pipeline to my emotions. They know just where to hit me, for after I've read a travel ad, I feel like a harp that's been plucked by a master. I've even caught myself sighing over an ad that says, "When are *you* coming to California?" before I remember that I already live in California. Maybe if I stole our life savings and went to Europe and got it over with, I could pass up the travel ads and get on to the important news. ("Elizabeth Taylor said today—") But until we have some life savings to steal, those travel people have me right where they want me.

The ad asks, "Don't you deserve a trip to Europe?" I reply, "If anyone deserves it, I do. I. Me. Yes."

The ad proclaims, "Getting there is half the fun—take your time, Paris . . . London . . .Rome . . . will be waiting for you. Our ship has the world's finest chefs preparing the world's finest cuisine." I say, "I know, I know. Let's go. Let's go."

When the ad insists, "Don't miss the byroads of England in the spring. Rent a car and see for yourself," I say, "I know what you mean. I'll sign. I'll sign."

The ad says, "Imagine yourself in this picture: You on a yak's back exploring the back tracks of the fabled Far East." I say, "I'm coming, I'm coming. Reserve one yak for me."

I say all this knowing full well that if I went, I'd be airsick, seasick, carsick and yaksick.

How could I see the English countryside with my eyes glued to the patch of road in front of me? I'd be so busy trying to remember to drive on the left hand side, I wouldn't dare take my eyes off the road to look at some country inn.

Let's not even talk about yaks.

Another travel ad gets me right here. It shows real people with real names eating real food, playing real shuffleboard, swimming and loafing it up on their way to Europe. It seems that "Mr. and Mrs. Felix Fabricated are making their fifteenth crossing. Mr. Fabricated is president of the Fabricated Food Company of Akron, Ohio. They are shown here in the starboard lounge enjoying a cocktail." Now isn't that something to tell my friends? I am writing the postcard already. "Dear Dee and Fred: Right now I am enjoying a cocktail in the starbord lounge. Wish you were here. Love, Joyce." Gives me the chills to think about it because I know if I were there, I'd dribble the drink down the front of my best dress. I can't pick up one of those long stemmed glasses with a drink in it in a room that is standing stock still without spilling some, so how could I do it in a ship that's a thousand miles out to sea? Maybe you get used to it by the fifteenth crossing.

But I'm going. I've got to go. I don't know what kind of transportation I'll use or how I'm going to afford it or what I'm going to do with the children when I'm gone, but I'm going. It's not the Champs-Elysee or Via Veneto that cry out to me; it's those ads that are yelling at me.

I know what I'll do. I'll serve nothing but hamburgers for the next five years. That's what those charming people do in books with names like *I Went To Europe On Nothing At All.* But that won't save me any money. I serve hamburgers all the time now because nobody in my family will eat anything else.

I'll save trading stamps. They have a European tour in the catalog for only 400 books. At the rate I save, it'll be the year 2000 by the time I save 400 books.

I won't buy any luxuries so that I'll have enough money to go. I'll do without luxuries: no gold bathroom fixtures, wall-to-wall fur rug, His and Hers sports cars, or new shoes for all my four children at the same time.

But what if I did save $1595.00 for the All Inclusive Expense Paid Thirty Day Tour of Nineteen Cities (Zurich, Munich, and Greenwich at no extra charge)? How would I save up the $1500.00 for a baby sitter for thirty days? Who'd want to sit with *my* children for less? And how about my husband? Can I leave him at home with the travel section of the Sunday paper, a can of Portuguese sardines, a tin of English biscuits, and the television turned to "Golden Voyage?"

I'll have to wait until my children are grown. Then I can go with the Wheelchair Tour ("Registered Nurse in Attendance"). By that time there will be a hamburger stand on every corner in France and an American hotel in every hamlet and where will the Old World charm be then?

And I know what will happen when I finally get to Europe. One day when my feet are sore and my head is aching from sight-seeing and it's raining, I'll see a four-color ad of a handsome, sun-tanned lifeguard. He'll say: "Come to the U.S.A. Forests . . . Deserts . . . Mountains . . . Oceans . . . and You." And I'll say, "Yes, yes, I'm coming, I'm coming. Wait . . . for . . . me."

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Happiness is . . .

A Warm Place on the Asylum Floor

Daniel Trimmer

When I walked past the small, dark man he reached inside his coat for a gun. I japped him and wrestled him to the curb.

" He got no gun," said the cop a few minutes later.

And so it began.

Some evenings later my wife and I were walking through town. We skipped out into a carcrowded intersection and a careless taxi slipped forward and pinned her to the next car. I heard her leg bone snap. I kept on walking, listening to her screams, wondering morosely why I now had to go to the movies alone.

At the movie the ticket taker started to make a jab for my gut and thus incapacitate me so he could rob me. I ducked and backstepped all at once then lunged forward and began to beat him to a senseless pulp.

"You shouldn't feel that everyone's after you," said the psychiatrist. He reached down for a knife so I jumped up to strangle him, leaping in a single bound over his desk. I discovered that my hands were in some type of restraining device. The psychiatrist crowled out from under me and pushed a button on his desk.

Goons came in.

"Put him in solitary," the psychiatrist said vindictively. I kicked at him and then at the thugs when they carried me off.

"Why do you sleep on the floor?" an orderly asked me when he brought breakfast into my cell the next morning.

"There's no bed," I said, "so obviously I have to sleep on the cold stone floor, you creep. If you weren't such a nitwitted puppet you could see as much for yourself."

"There's a perfectly good bed," said the orderly, bouncing his body up and down on it to demonstrate. "And the floor has a very nice carpet, so I imagine it isn't so bad anyway."

"You want me to get in the bed so you can smother me, you cretin," I screamed. I grabbed one of the empty trays from his cart and tried to slice his head in half with it. I sprained my wrist slightly as he deflected it.

"Heywood, we're all only trying to help you," my wife said when visiting hours rolled around. "You must try to listen to the people here; they're all very wise and know what's good for you much better than either you or I."

She hobbled around to get a better view of me. There was a set of bars between us, as the authorities had decided to keep me very separate from other people. My wife is one of those few people who can wear a cast on her lower leg and make it look like fashion's latest. I was sure that other women were at that very moment checking into their snotty little shoppes and asking for those darling little casts like they saw just that morning. I watched my wife admiringly for a few moments as I wondered if she too were in on the plot they had all cooked up against me and if that were the case then how should I kill her.

"All the people at work miss you, Heywood, even your boss in spite of what you did to him that last day." She got up to leave. "They're hoping you can come back soon and so am I."

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"You want me to go to work again so you'll have lots of money to screw around with," I snarled, deciding that if she weren't in on the plot still I could take no chances. She cried, dropping tears onto her cast.

"This isn't like you at all, Heywood. Oh dear, I knew I should've listened to Dr. Shippe when he said you really shouldn't see anyone."

"We're putting you on a special diet," said the psychiatrist that evening. "Things like rye and millet are good for one of your particular choler. I was just reading a medieval book about diet and personality disorders. Apparently they knew a good deal more back then than we do today."

"You miserable son of a bitch," I hissed, trying to grab his tie through the bars. He grabbed my arm and stuck a hypo into it.

When I woke up after the injection I was strapped to a table. A huge pendulum was swinging slowly a few inches above my chest, one lower edge of the weight sharp as a stainless steel razorblade. In the ten

seconds or so that I watched it the blade lowered perceptibly.

"This is to show you what real tension is," murmered the psychiatrist. "After we let up on this you'll be extremely grateful to us for returning you to the safer and infinitely more secure everyday world which you pretend to find so revolting. One appreciates the lack of danger only once one has seen the real thing; I read that in *Guts Over Guam* in case you're interested in reading a good war novel sometime. I got the idea for this treatment specifically after reading a work of Edgar Allen Poe. The medieval Americans knew a great deal more about the proper treatment of paranoia than we do today, it seems to me."

"I was right all along," I said. "You're trying to kill me. In a few minutes I'll be dead." I began to weep.

"Nonsense. When our humane, therapeutic treatments are over, you'll be healthy and secure and freely at home with the normal, humdrum world. There is a glory in mediocrity which you, like most psychos, have failed to see." He looked idealistically up to the crossbeam that anchored the pendulum and its lowering device. He looked at his watch. "It won't start cutting through for another ten minutes yet, considerably longer before it gets through the sternum and slices your aorta. Well, I'm going out for coffee. Don't worry, I'll probably get back in time."

Later on they put me into a warm bath. I sighed with gratitude and started planning how I could drown at least one of them in it. The nurse cuffed my feet and hands together. I discovered there were crabs in the bathwater.

"Yes, they're quite hungry, aren't they?" laughed the nurse. "This is to show you what irritating discomfort really is. It's one of Dr. Shippe's most recent and ingenious innovations; it has won him fame all over the psychiatric world. As the crabs viciously nibble on you you're supposed to try and realize that this is the effect your presence has on those around you when you behave like such a neurotic baby. Now that you find out how it is on the other end of the stick, perhaps you'll be more considerate to others if we ever let you out of here. You don't want others feeling like you do now, now do you? Come on, be mature and admit it."

"You'd go down for Confederate money," I said as a crab tasted my heel. "And not very much of *that,* either."

"You're still resisting us," she said. She emptied a jar of electric eels into the bath. They did not seem to get on too well with the crabs. "Shock treatment is only for the most severe cases, as you probably know. *I* spotted you as a severe case right off, but Dr. Shippe, no, he has to play humanitarian and waste all sorts of valuable time before he finds out how hopeless you are. *You* certainly must know how hopeless you are. Now, you must try to keep in mind that the sensations you're undergoing are those which other, innocent people endure in your presence until you decide to grow up and act like the rest of us."

I managed to scoot around a bit and kill some of the crabs by sitting down hard on them. The effect was not pleasant, the bathwater swiftly getting colored by crab guts, until I imagined that they were people's heads I was squashing and the guts were brains. The nurse began to wring her hands.

"Oh, you're not cooperating at all. Most patients cooperate quite fully at this stage of the game; you're the only one that's dared kill a poor, innocent little crab before. I don't really mean *game,* of course, since any violation of Dr. Shippe's plans is far more than that."

"He's crud of the bottommost rung," I snapped. "If you had any sense of good taste you'd do away with him instantly."

The nurse reached into the large tub to pick out the remaining crabs so I wouldn't kill them. She got stung by one of the eels and also I managed to raise my feet enough to press her head underwater for a moment,

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but unfortunately she was able to fight free and not get drowned. I decided I'd had enough.

"Heywood, you've got to go back," my wife said that evening.

"You're not glad to see me," I said accusingly. I had escaped by slugging one of the guards with a blackjack of soap stuffed into a sock. I hadn't made the sap myself; that was what the guards carried around to subdue the prisoners with.

"But Heywood, how can I convince you that you're *better off* there? I want you back darling, but we'll have much more fun if you aren't such a nutty drag."

"Yeah, you're really much better off there," said the man I had found with my wife in our livingroom. He loudly sipped his cocktail. "From what I've heard of this guy Shippe, he's really on the ball, a regular Bob McNamara of the headshrinker field. Go back and play with him, huh buddy? You're obviously not ready to compete with the sane world yet."

"We *all* have only your welfare at heart, Heywood. All we ask is that you learn to be like us. Please take off now."

"You two are having a vile, slovenly affair," I snarled. "By God will I ever put a stop to that right off." I picked up a poker and charged them, but my hospital nightie got caught on the corner of a chair. It was either stop to disengage it or else tear it off and attack them without my clothes on and of course by the time I had made up my mind to attack them naked they had fled from the room.

"Hey Dorothy, this guy's bats," said the visitor. "Call the cops or something while I keep him penned in the room here, huh? I don't wanna get hit with no poker."

"Honestly, Heywood," said my wife through the door. "If I didn't love you so much from the good times we've had in the past why I'd divorce you."

"I'm not surprised you tried to escape," said the psychiatrist when I had been returned to his care. "Very few of our inmates are agressive enough to succeed though. Resourcefulness is a certain indicator of instability, you know."

"You'd eat toad dung if your wife knew where to buy it," I said as nastily as I could.

Early the next day I was again ushered into his office.

"I've concluded what your trouble basically is. How big *are* you, incidentally?"

"I'm six five and weight two twenty," I said. "Not an ounce of lard. I could whip you into a heap of greasy lather if I ever got the chance."

"That's what I mean. You're big and blond. This gives you the idea that you're better than the rest of mankind. I got the idea from reading some of the works of Adolph Hitler. The medieval Germans knew so much more about domineering types than we seem to today. You think you have a perfect right to behave like an egotistical dictator. In layman's terms this means you're a contemptible stinkpot. Obviously you'd be much better off if you weren't a tall, blond man. So we're going to make a small, dark man out of you. Instead of looking pure and powerful and godlike you'll look shifty and dirty and mean, so you'll compensate and behave much better in order that people won't think you're sneaky, foul and evil. You'll fall over backwards to prove that you're a good Joe. Everyone tries to be the antithesis of their physical appearance, did you know that? I suspect not, since if there's one person that's thick about this stuff, it's you."

"What utter horseshit," I exclaimed angrily.

"So we'll perform the operation later today, in order that it be as great a shock to you as possible to awaken and discover yourself a punky little weasel. Usually, of course, we do the operation the other

SNOW WHITE

After a while, they began
to suspect that she had known
their house all along and made
straight for it, with some wild tale
of jealous stepmother and
talking mirror on the wall.

Still, they had thought her pretty
with her white skin and, oh well,
you know how the young can look!
So they had taken her in.

She began by moving the
furniture to let some fresh
air in, then had them singing
songs to convince her to stay.
They had to call each other
brother, converse during meals,
and always shake hands at night.

And once, to prove herself slim
she laced herself so tightly
that it took them two hours
to revive her while she cried
that an old woman had bothered her.
They had to light a fire
nightly, sit with her, munching
odd-shaped cookies or sweet cakes
while she talked of her childhood.

Often she would wake them up
crying there were some wild beasts
in the kitchen, make them go
scare away a small brown doe.

It was then decided she
must leave. Inventing a prince
young and shy, they watched her go
followed by a few small birds
and an excited rabbit.

They never saw her again
but talked of her on cold nights,
remembering how she had looked
when she first came to them
and each dreamt himself prince.

Dori Katz

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way around, making tall, blond people out of small dark ones, since more people underestimate themselves than pull what you're doing. Actually, small, dark people are much superior in any case. Look at the Romans." The psychiatrist was a small, dark man.

"You're a Nazi in reverse," I said. "You didn't fool me for a minute, nor did the rest of the world."

"You should be grateful to modern surgery that these things are possible. In another age you'd have had to go through life just tastelessly continuing to throw your weight around."

"What about my mind?" I asked anxiously. "I'm quite fond of it the way it is and would consequently prefer to see it left unchanged."

"Well, we'll have to take sections out of your skull so it blends with your newer, smaller body, so obviously we'll have to take slices out of your brain so it doesn't come running out your ears. It won't be anything to worry about though. After all, your mind could scarcely be any worse off than it is now, could it? Don't worry, we've got this technique down pat. Needless to say, I'm the one that developed it. Even invented a special lathe to turn down kneecaps to their proportionately smaller size."

"Nobody will know me," I said sadly. "I won't know myself."

"That's the whole idea, obviously. You certainly don't catch on very fast, but then tall, blond men never do since their attentions are always directed into themselves rather than considering the emotional needs of others. We've got the written permission of your wife and her lover just as the law requires, so there's really nothing you can do about it. We'll try to do the operation with as little anesthesia as possible, so you can learn what real pain is like, the kind you've been inflicting on others all this time."

"Oh, Heywood, I'm just so perfectly delighted," my wife said very cheerfully as we strolled from the hospital grounds. "You *are* Heywood, by the way? Dr. Shippe was right; the operation's changed you entirely. Why to look at you one would think you were a pickpocket or a child molester, you know, darling, real *scum*. I really love you like this, Heywood, I can feel so *necessary* now with such a wretch to look after, sort of like an ugly or idiot child, you know? And I hope you won't take this wrong, Heywood, but your former self was so independent, selfassured and oppressive even; why I could hardly stand you at all, really. Oh, I'm so grateful to Dr. Shippe that maybe I'll take him on as my next lover."

"A splendid idea, my dear," I said as softly and gently as I could. "Dr. Shippe *is* such a wonderful, compassionate person, isn't he? I'm so *very* much indebted to him, perhaps I'll take him on as my next lover, too."

We walked on for a few blocks in the antiseptic, runny sunshine of perfect sanity. I smiled inwardly and reached into my coat for a cigarette. I had just started the habit and was up to four packs a day. A sharp yet dull, numbing pain shot through the base of my neck as someone japped me. A large, blond man fiercely wrestled me to the sidewalk.

"He tried to pull a gun on me," shouted the wild, blond man to the cop who came breathlessly up.

SONNET

Caught in this green winter of your embrace
I feel through darkness for your laugh and try
to close its eyes, life raining on my face.
For I have seen (O, yes) love's petals fly
on the wings of a whisper; dreamers of spin, they
danced
to the softness of earth.
But from the horizon dew
snows still my mind's words, cartwheels entranced
in their own lace, brushing on the you
who could melt them (O, yes).
Can love be not
in the living, life not in the loving?
If
we are, will ever be, one, touching or not;
or embraced by the crest of a quiet sky, gift
of day's hand; or if we are of dreams; may
sun and rain and moon star in my waking.

Ingrid Wendt

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Books

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG IRISHMAN

The Emperor of Ice-Cream by Brian Moore. Viking Press, New Yrk, 1965. 250 pp. $4.95.

Brian Moore has previously published four novels, all dealing with the loneliness, inadequacy, and spiritual isolation of characters in middle-age. Now, in *The Emperor of Ice-Cream,* Moore has written his *Bildungsroman,* a story describing the rites of passage of seventeen-year-old Gavin Burke. By changing his focus from adults hopelessly set in their ways to a youth in the process of maturation, Moore has widened the range of his fictional vision.

Gavin Burke is one of Moore's most likeable characters. Like the speaker in the Wallace Stevens poem from which the novel takes its title, Gavin is (or rather would like to be) a hedonist. He is, as well, a reader of modern poetry, a day-dreamer, an academic failure, an amateur actor, a drinker, a virgin, a doubter, an habitual masturbator, and a coward. Gavin has always felt an outsider. He is a Catholic in a Protestant Belfast, a reality which emphasizes his isolation. Moreover, he finds himself stranded between two worlds—the adult realm toward which he desperately strives but of which he is afraid, and the world of childhood, which he despises but which he is reluctant to leave.

Gavin is paralyzed by fear of failure. He thought the demands of school were frightening, but once out, he finds the world even more so. His worst fear is that "he would never amount to anything in this grown-up world of ball gowns and dinner jackets." Gavin continually talks to himself, but does nothing to save himself. He drifts and he dreams.

The time is the late 1930's, the period known as The Phony War, and having failed his college entrance examination, Gavin joins an Air Raid Precautions unit to mark time. But this clearly is a mistake: He finds himself associating only with other failures and moral cowards. Further, he feels the work is absurd, since he is confident that the war will never extend to Ireland. He again finds himself plagued with self-doubts: "Is this your grown-up future," he asks himself, "sitting among these frightened men, listening to this bullying ignoramus talk about splints?"

Ashamed of his job, Gavin finds himself hoping that Belfast will after all be bombed, merely to justify his existence, to prove the importance of his job. When ultimately the city is bombed, Gavin is elated: "The world and the war had come to him at last." Gavin conscientiously engages in his stretcher-bearing work, and after a full day's duty he volunteers to help remove the dead. Those tasks force Gavin Burke to face reality for the first time, and when his father tries to persuade him to flee the city with the rest of the family, he rejects his father's protection in order to complete the job. In doing so Gavin asserts himself as a man in the world of men.

At the novel's conclusion Gavin sees the familiar buildings of his neighborhood blown to bits. With these physical remnants of childhood have died the childhood itself. He must now forge a new life on his own. He recognizes for the first time he is stronger than his father, that his father is fallible. He also realizes his adolescent love, for the nurse Sally, is dead as well. Gavin has come to the hard understanding that "People get over things."

The Emperor of Ice-Cream may not be Moore's best novel; it is difficult to believe he shall ever surpass his first—*The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne,* a book which has the haunting qualities of a classic. In *Emperor*, Moore's device of having Gavin continually listen to two inner voices, the White Angel and the Black Angel, becomes after a time tiresome and unconvincing. But in presenting a character who grows before the reader's eyes, a character who *finds* himself within the span of the novel, Brian Moore has written his most ambitious book, albeit his most autobiographical. The novel's finale, involving the bombing and Gavin's rescue operations, contains some of the most vivid and moving pages in recent fiction, reaffirming our belief that Brian Moore is one of our most gifted craftsmen.

Robert Phillips

CONTRASTS

Okapi Fever. Philippe Diole. New York, Viking Press, 1965. 310 pp. $4.95.

Africa in conflict is the setting of this absorbing story of the dangerous journey of four young Europeans across Portuguese Angola to the Congo in 1963.

Guided by the narrator, who came to Africa as a youth twenty years before, the young people, burning with idealism, are grimly determined to help the Africans, and to rescue a friend from prison. There is blonde and beautiful Francine, cooly indifferent to the discomforts of the trail in spite of her fragile appearance; Marc, intense, religious, warmly humane; Jean-Marie, whose political idealism often overpowers his other qualities; and Jaja, former dance hostess, slightly unstable, whose presence is most puzzling of all to the guide.

Reluctantly consenting to the trip, the narrator hopes to recapture his own youth by taming blonde Francine, and by bringing back an okapi, a rare and beautiful beast which symbolizes the peace and contentment he once found on the Dark Continent. In the process, perhaps he will rediscover the primitive simplicity and ancient charm which Africa once offered.

Nothing is quite the same, however, except the dark, foreboding nature of the land, made more threatening by the civil wars. Evidences of uprising and anarchy meet the travelers all along the way: a massacred village; a colony of lepers left to starve; the old diamond dealer, now living in terror of his life. Observing their reactions to these and other situations, the guide struggles to understand and communicate with the four

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young idealists; at the same time he is attempting to find meaning in his own life through this journey.

As a story of a hazardous trip through the bush, the novel grips and holds the reader; it is a vivid portrayal of life in Africa at a time of political crisis. But the author has done more; he has presented a thoughtful study in contrasts: colonialism against the new democracy; the idealism of youth against the realism of age; death in the midst of abundant life; and finally, as the goal is reached, defeat in victory.

Mary Byerly

GUARD

Give them an inch?
I gave them a finger,
and they grabbed it;
so I gave them a hand
and gave them a boot
where they do the most good.

There's no accounting
for taste, not then
when their eyes stare up
beneath your boot
and the helmet pressures
your glance down to theirs.

Give them an inch?
I gave them a hand,
but they wouldn't take it.
No tricks up my sleeve,
just the hand at my cuff
for what good it would do.

I gave them a hand,
those oversize heads,
but they wouldn't take it.
I could thump in
those skulls with my toe,
kick dirt on their staring.

Give them an inch?
I gave them more,
those eyes, those heads.
I gave them a hand,
gave them a hand to die,
gave them a hand to die with.

Morton Marcus

THE RICH METAL OF F. SCOTT

F. Scott Fitzgerald: Letters to His Daughter. Ed. by Andrew Turnbull with an introduction by Frances Fitzgerald Lanahan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1965. 172 pp. $3.95.

The letters of literary giants are frequently dull. But outside those of Ezra Pound, among twentieth century American writers, none are perhaps of more interest than Scott Fitzgerald's. This is especially true of this separate collection of letters to his only child, Frances "Scottie" Fitzgerald Lanahan. These letters should find a place on the bookshelves not only of scholars but of parents as well. They are an extraordinary record of one parent's attempt, largely a frustrated one, to guide and shape the life of his child.

It is the kind of book which might change his life if you could get a teenager to heed it. But the chances are that to most high school and college students these letters will mean as little as they did to Frances Fitzgerald at Ethel Walker's School or at Vassar. She tells us, in her introduction curiously mingling real insight into her father as a writer with—is it envy?—, that ". . . these gorgeous letters, these absolute pearls of wisdom and literary style, would arrive at Vassar and I'd simply examine them for checks and news, then stick them in my lower right-hand drawer."

But for the parent and for the serious student of Scott Fitzgerald's work, these letters will be another matter.

Today's college parent might find in Scott Fitzgerald's letters a more candid and witty echo of himself:

on *finances:* "Your request for $15.00 just came as I was putting this in an envelope . . . You must not ask me to wire you money—it is much harder to get than last summer. I owe *thousands.*"

on *life:* "You have got to devote the best and freshest part of your energies to things that will give you a happy and profitable life. There is no other time but now."

on *letter-writing:* " . . . do you write your mother regularly once a week? As I assured you before, it is of the greatest importance, even if Bob-the-Butcher or Bill-the-Baker doesn't get the weekly hook in his gills."

on *17-year-old daughters:* "Yes, it *is* too bad you have to be checked up on like a girl of ten. I'd hoped you'd be rather different this year."

on *difficulty:* "Why are you whining about such matters as study hall, etc., when you deliberately picked this school as the place you wanted to go above all places? Of course, it is hard. Nothing any good isn't hard . . . . , you know I love you, and I expect you to live up absolutely to what I laid out for you in the beginning."

For the Fitzgerald scholar, the letters are full of keys to Fitzgerald's own work, remarks

on *American Women:* ". . . the faces of most American women over thirty are relief maps of petulant and bewildered unhappiness."

on *advertising:* "Advertising is a racket, . . . You cannot be honest without admitting that its constructive contribution to humanity is exactly minus zero."

on *Keats:* "For awhile after you quit Keats all other poetry seems to be only whistling or humming."

on *style:* "Nobody ever became a writer just by wanting to be one. If you have anything to say, anything you feel nobody has ever said before, you have got to feel it so desperately that you will find some way to say it that nobody has ever found before, . . ."

on *himself as a writer:* ". . . I guess I am too much a moralist at heart and really want to preach at people in some acceptable form rather than to entertain them."

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One could go on and on. For the texts of these letters are fat with rich metal—not raw ore but the precious refinements of a mind caught up in love and suffering. They should be read in their entirety along with the introduction by the daughter who loved, hated, and admired her novelist-father.

Robert Dana

RE-AWAKENED LONGING

Shinto: The Way of Japan. Floyd H. Ross. Beacon Press, Boston, 1965. 187 pp. $7.95.

The case for the responsibility of religious thought in inspiring the evil that men do has perhaps been overstated. It is Dr. Ross's contention that non-Japanese have over-emphasized the role of Shintoism in the establishment of a totalitarian society. The Shintoism of the peasant and of village life was vastly different from that which emerged from the Meiji Period (1868-1912).

> This use of myth for political purposes was surrounded with the garb of constitutionalism and the external features of Westernization. The emotions to which it appealed, to help in the creation of a sense of national solidarity, were ancient ones, tied in with one aspect of Shinto. The Tokugawa government had tried to maintain a rigid society based on social class, rank, strict Confucian principles, and non-fraternization with outside forces. The Meiji government, by contrast, stressed contact with the outside world yet at the same time emphasized the centrality of the emperor and the *mystique* of the divine ancestry.

For most Japanese, Shintoism had merged with the national cause by the opening of the 1930's.

For the Japanese, religious life is traditionally a way of walking. In the Shinto myth of the emergence of the kami from primordial chaos, the emphasis is placed on immanence and on the continuity between the procreated and the procreators. *Kami* (somewhat akin to the Melanesian concept of *mana*) implies alterity, mystery, holiness. What is basic to the Shinto experience "is the conviction that there is a *way of nature,* a cosmic way, according to which men should walk." In detailed description of his visit to a Shinto shrine, and in his discussion of the rituals observed in the Shinto festivals, accompanied with handsome photographs, Ross compares Shintoism with Christianity, Buddhism and Taoism. Yet a reader will find that he has neglected to develop his analysis of Shintoism in terms of the relationship between kinship and religious institutions and in terms of the distinction between the spheres of the sacred and the profane. These are but two of the major themes to which those conversant with the literature on comparative religion generally refer; and it is to them, among others, that this book is addressed.

Man is confronted with the challenge of "merging the values of the past which are worth saving with new knowledge and techniques in such a way as to enhance the human spirit." Threatened with dehumanization, man may find the Shinto "open-ended philosophical naturalism" to have a strong appeal. Yet this religious approach is by no means the exclusive characteristic of traditional Shintoism. Along with the importance placed on filial piety and the ultimate transcendence of the society over the individual, it is central to the traditional thought of many peoples in Africa, South America, and Asia. The longing of Western man for the sense of the immediacy of nature and of the person is re-awakened in the study of ancient religions. Yet to be fulfilled, there must be a conscious and creative transformation of social institutions which, in recent history, have served only to alienate him from both "inner and outer nature."

A. Farrell Borenstein

"VOICES FROM WITHIN"

Terror in the Name of God. Simma Holt. Crown Publishers, New York, 1965. xxiv, 312 pp. $5.95.

With *Terror in the Name of God,* Simma Holt offers a documented story of the Doukhobors, a Canadian-Russian Protestant sect. It is a grim exposure of the pacifist, primitive Christian doctrine of "Kingdom of God is within you" degenerating into theocratic despotism and finally leading to a disastrous reversal, a monstrous distortion of all values when coupled with ignorance, emotionalism and credulity.

Doukhobors were a non-resistant religious Protestant sect in Russia through the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries like Mennonites or Quakers in this country. They were named "Spirit wresler" *(sic)* by the Russian Church because they were against the Holy Spirit.

Leo Tolstoy was the greatest benefactor of the Doukhobors. He financed half of the cost of their migration to Canada by contributing the entire proceeds from the publication of his novel *Resurrection.* He even proposed the Doukhobors for the Nobel Peace Prize to publicize their cause.

For Tolstoy, Doukhobors exemplified life in pure, simple primitive Christianity which he preached in the eighties after his conversion to religion. And Doukhobors indeed led a constructive, decent life for long spans of time through the history of their existence in Russia.

The 7427 Canadian Doukhobors have grown in number to about 20,000 and have split into three factions: Orthodox Doukhobors, Sons of Freedom or Freedomites, and Independents. This is the story of the 2,500 Freedomites.

This story is not told in chronological sequence. The Doukhobors' "warped society of crime and mass paranoia" almost escapes systematic presentation. So the basic facts and phenomena of their frenzied existence are organized thematically. Violence is the central theme: the bombing of schools, burning of houses, nudist demonstrations against Canadian authorities and the leitmotifs of this cacaphony of Doukhobor pseudo-religion. It is a tumultous, horrifying, and shocking story abounding in actual cases of religious fanaticism, of pyromania, lawlessness, hatred, madness, and crime.

What is the motivation for all this terror "in the name of God?" Such action is advised by Freedomite elders in fulfilment of a prophesy according to which Freedomites' only possible exodus out of this "land of persecution" is through its jails. But this is the final stage in the perversion of Doukhobor religious doctrine.

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After settling peacefully on their reserves in the Canadian west, the Doukhobors, with energy and perseverance, established themselves in the new land. Trouble came when they began to defy the laws of the land by refusing to record their homesteads, to register their marriages, births and deaths, or to send their children to schools, all of this in compliance with their principle not to obey any man-made laws. The only authority they recognized, other than God speaking to them through the "voice from within", was their elders, for them not just apostles of their faith, but reincarnations of Christ himself.

What did these fanatic leaders teach them?

> "It is wrong to use metals obtained from the earth and smelted by the labor of our enslaved bretheren; it is wrong to train horses or cattle to do our work; it is wrong to use money which bears the image of Caesar and it should be rendered back to Caesar.
> It is wrong to till the soil, for being God's earth it is wrong to spoil it . . . It is wrong to own private property . . .
>
> "Man and woman must mingle all together without shame or fear, must break boundaries of devil".
>
> "burning and bombing is a pacifist act to fight the devil."
>
> "To strip the clothing and be baptized in the nude is to show the purity of soul and body."

The faithful Doukhobors obeyed blindly. Leaders took advantage of the ignorance of the Freedomites to attain personal wealth through exploitation of credulous people. Leaders resorted unscrupulously to any means: fraud, embezzlement, compulsory assessments, fictitious plans to free the imprisoned, organize another exodus, or simply to make their "salvation" possible.

Several of their leaders were worth half a million and owned private property in Canada or abroad. Instead of giving their people an exemplary way of life according to the preached principles, they evaded this by deceiving them with such statements as this:

> "For the benefit of our enemies I will be different to what you expect of me. I will smoke, drink, eat meat, and carry on like an ordinary hoodlum . . . Do not judge me by my actions, but pay attention to my words"!

Naiveté prevented Doukhobor followers from identifying their leaders as opportunists, imposters, pretenders and charlatans who used duplicity and evasion, doubletalk and trickery.

Canadian courts were helpless against the usurpers. They could never gather enough evidence to bring them to trial.

Terror in the Name of God is a documentation of maniacal ravings and paranoid violence. After reading this evidence and examining these 75 photographs, one questions the justice of unleavened religious tolerance.

Mihailo Mihailovic

NOT YET CANONIZED

The Little Saint, Simenon. Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., New York. 1965. 186 pp. $4.50.

Simenon disappoints with *The Little Saint.* Luis is not a saint. He is not much of anything. Almost any other character in the book is more interesting, more dynamic, more at grips with the unpleasant environment, and more aware of life. Luis is not even a good blotter; nothing influences him, nothing leaves marks on him. Luis just is.

"He was between four and five when the world came to life around him, . . ." is the first line and on page 186 when he is a famous painter, the last lines are:

"May I ask, Maitre, how you see yourself?"

He did not reflect very long. His face lit up for a moment as he said, joyously and modestly:

"As a small boy."

Between these first and last lines, Simenon gives us fragments of Vladimir, the brother six years Luis's elder, who has sex with sister Alice, leaves home early, and lives through World Wars I and II to come to an ignoble end outside the law. Alice makes her own escape from the squalor of their one-room flat near the markets where their mother, Gabrielle Herteau, operates her vegetable pushcart right through to the end of the book. The baby dies, the red-haired twins go their separate ways from the family. All of them act and re-act to each other, to their squalid life. All are interesting except Luis.

Luis is the only one of the family who goes to school, yet he is the only one who never seems to learn anything. If there is some point of this sort Simeon is making, I guess I got it, but I disagree thoroughly with the assumption which must then follow from it: a small boy's view of life is the valid view for an old man awaiting death. Luis is not and never could be canonized.

Alex Paul

ESSENCE OF THEATRE

In Various Directions: a view of theatre, Tyrone Guthrie. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1965. 221 pp. $4.95.

> "To serve the theatre is my profession; it is my belief that, in trying to serve the theatre faithfully, I am offering some sort of service to God."

Thus Tyrone Guthrie, who has devoted his mature life to the creation of theatres which he can justifiably serve, presents his artistic purpose. That purpose he has admirably fulfilled by returning to the theatrical archteype—the arena—and to the dramatic archetype —the quest for purfication and revivification through the annual sacrifice of a communal human scapegoat—to reveal the true essence of theatre.

In this collection of essays, however, Dr. Guthrie concerns himself primarily not with his own work in the theatre but rather with the state of the theatre today. In "Is There Madness in 'The Method'?," for example, he rightly chastises the directors of the Actors' Studio for not having adapted the proletarian idiom of the Thirties to the needs of today's theatre. Other essays he devotes to "Hidden Motives in Five Shakespearean Plays," television, the role of the director, and

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commercialism in the theatre. Most significant, however, are his comments on the inadequate training provided by too many "seats of higher learning" for those considering careers in the theatre.

> . . . in the universities too often the theatrically blind are leading the blind. . . . This is tolerated because the public regards Drama with a big D as a pretentious bore. The theatre to them is fun, and Drama Departments exist to impart a little cultural gloss to more serious studies. Consequently Drama Departments occupy only a very lowly place in the academic hierarchy. I even know universities where the Drama Department is only tolerated if it pays its own way. So the professors have to put on Broadway musicals of yesteryear in order to fill the house and earn their keep. Student performances of *Paint Your Wagon* and *Sing Out Sweet Land* are well in order if they are simply got up for fun or a spare-time activity. But to admit them as part of the curriculum at university level seems to me altogether too low an aim, and to discredit the whole notion of drama as a serious, even respectable object of study.

In attacking triviality in so-called "educational theatre" and in professional theatre as forcefully as he does throughout *In Various Directions: a view of theatre,* Tyrone Guthrie reaffirms his faith in what theatre should and can be.

Joseph Svec

TRAGIC-COMIC OPERA

Waldorf, James Goldman. Random House, New York, 1965. 248 pp. $4.95.

James Goldman's first novel, *Waldorf,* belongs to a wave of recent novels which attempt to achieve success by the simple device of imitating success.

Waldorf Appleton is a painter who seems to be interested in everything but painting. He moves from the home of his ever-baking mother in New York to the Roney Plaza Hotel in Miami Beach, meeting strange and glamorous women and ever-suspicious men in lobbies, in taxis, and hotel pools. Eventually he finds his way, not without considerable difficulty, to Puerto Crisco on the Pacific shores of Costa Rica. Here in a melange of secret agents representing America, Britain, Russia, China, Cuba, Costa Rica, at the very least, Waldorf is chased, beaten, interrogated, shot at, blasted from one part of the small republic to the other. The characters that race through the pages of this tragic-comic opera lose their credibility with their very names—the petite Sally Kaalinen, doomed to die horribly on an Oriental torture instrument; Hannah Michelangelina Grauer, Waldorf's playmate as he romps through Costa Rica; and the McIntyres, Chinese agents transformed into Westerners by repeated plastic surgery.

The trouble with this novel is that it tries too hard to be clever and much of the humor is sick. Goldman wants so very much to avoid seeming committed to any feeling about the world that he takes everything ever so lightly. Newspapers talk of "some identical atrocities . . . going on in Southeast Asia . . . and some Jew had shot some Arab or the other way around."

Furthermore, the author could easily have chosen another Central American banana republic to ridicule than perhaps the only legitimate government in that tragic political grotesquerie beneath the Colossus of the North. It is the fault of so much of the fiction of international intrigue today. Even in jest, it is strange to talk of the Cubans who keep coming on: "Oh, they die so well, those sun-kissed Carribeans." Dying ideals, patriotism, human despair, everything becomes ridiculous. If we take nothing seriously, then we shall never have to cry. If this is the direction of the spy novels of the sixties, then we have little time before we reach the depths of depravity.

Walter Borenstein

THE LANYARD OF WAR

The Proud Tower, A Portrait of the World before the War: 1890-1914. Barbara W. Tuchman. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1966. 528 pp. $7.95.

The casual reader, looking for escape from the tensions of a world torn by conflict and social unrest, might pick up Barbara Tuchman's new book with the hope of finding exciting stories of the wonderful days before World War I. But the cancer of change and revolution afflicted the body of society then as it does today. On the surface proud men with strength and self-assurance fought to keep life as it always had been, but their boasts were too loud and their parties too gay. Underneath, the demands of the masses and the aches of rapid industrialization fought for attention with a mounting fever that culminated in a four year struggle with death.

Miss Tuchman wonders who really fired the *Guns of August.* The pet theories of historians about secret treaties, entangling alliances, imperialism, and the arms race are not, for her, a sufficient answer. Instead, she finds cannoneers to be men, both great and small, who fought to understand and live in their dying world. With the care of an artist in love with her subject, she paints portraits of these men with broad strokes of color and exacting detail. Miss Tuchman has the humility and objectivity to admit that her picture cannot depict the full story, but her keen eye has made a portrait well worth the reader's view.

Reflecting the strength found in *The Guns of August,* Miss Tuchman is at her best in the two chapters on England. Relying heavily on memoirs and similar primary sources, she recreates the men and the mood of the late Victorian Era and the counterpoint of Patricians versus the People. She concentrates on the strange and truly wild battles between the opposing classes in the Parliament, and this device creates an accurate composite of England being shoved into the Twentieth Century.

On the other hand, Miss Tuchman is too shallow in her portrayal of the United States fighting toward power and world leadership in the Spanish-American War. She tries to fit the pattern of American life to the old world and fails, because it can't be done. She develops the drama of American imperialism with its leading movers: Teddy Roosevelt, A. T. Mahan, the yellow press, and others; but she keeps the depth of the Progressive movement off-stage. This chapter, however,

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contains the single best portrait in the form of Thomas B. Reed, who, as speaker of the House fought to uphold the rights of the majority through the tyranny of dictatorial rules.

Back on the Continent, Miss Tuchman explodes the terror of the anarchists, and, in the most unusual part of her work, she replays the life of Richard Strauss with a graceful depiction of nationalistic Germany convulsing in the *Rites of Spring*. France is not ignored. Two enthralling chapters are filled with the agonies of the Dreyfus Affair and the screams of Socialism as the Third Republic tottered on the brink of death.

As a historian Miss Tuchman has her weaknesses. Although the *Proud Tower* is well researched, it tries to cover too much. Yet Miss Tuchman avoided post-1914 sources in an effort to retell correctly the mood of an era that is kept from us by the chasms of two holocausts. Her strength and her weakness is her reliance on individual lives: too few to tell the whole story, but enough to show them grasping for the lanyard of war.

Robert Reid

A NEW VOICE FROM THE SOUTH

Georgia McKinley, *The Mighty Distance*. Houghton Mifflin (Boston: 1965), 213 pp. $4.95.

For decades students of American literature have spoken with especial fondness of "the Southern novel." Certainly with the exceptions of Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty, it is in the genre of the novel that our Southern writers have most distinguished themselves—from Faulkner and Warren to McCullers and Styron, more recently to Shirley Ann Grau and William Humphrey. The longer form has somehow best suited their rhetorical styles and hyperbolic visions.

In recent years, however, the Southern short story has come into its own, championed by such craftsmen as Peter Taylor, Jesse Stuart, and the late Flannery O'Connor. In 1963 Cecil Dawkins published her remarkable collection, *The Quiet Enemy*. And now we have Georgia McKinley's collected short fiction, *The Mighty Distance*. It would be difficult to name a more impressive "first book" of 1965. With unassuming artistry and an unswerving vision, Mrs. McKinley shows us who we are and where we are headed.

These ten stories demonstrate Mrs. McKinley's concerns: The loss of the natural world, the threat of nuclear annihilation, man's inhumanity to man, and the omnipresence of materialism. Prejudice rears its head in various guises. In "The Crime" the actual crime perpetrated is the denial of his essential identity to the Negro Leroy. The white men Underwood and McIntire force him to assume the shuffling gait and good-natured cackle of the stereotyped "darkie." Again, in "The Short Rope," a story which resembles the Western tall tale, the Negro Ervin is thought of by whites as: "loveable and amusing (better than any pet they had ever had), bizarre and totally unlike themselves, still entirely their own." It is a comment on the Negro's deprivation of identity and freedom that, despite disliking Uncle Tomism, he is not comfortable unless told what to do. He is like the symbolic dancing bear in the story—at the end of a short rope. Prejudice of two varieties is observed in "Jacob's Angel," when the memory of wartime European persecution of the Jews is awakened in the protagonist, Mr. Silver, by an incident involving a wronged Negro in America.

Like Faulkner, Mrs. McKinley uses the hunt as symbol of the outmoded rites of the Old Order. The hunters who gather in story after story are all living anachronisms. With their insular and patriarchal creeds they exploit the Negros, dismiss their own wives as less than important, and lament the encroachment of "civilization" upon their wilderness.

The author herself, while excoriating followers of blind tradition, clearly is not happy with that society which has replaced the old South. She employs the Cadillac as an outward and visible sign of the hollowness of the new values. Her feelings about materialism are best expressed in "Christmas Trees Are White in Texas," in which the rustic life of a professor's family is contrasted with that of the children's grandparents, whose new-found affluence has enabled them to surround themselves with objects larger than life. The gaudy but sterile white Christmas tree of the grandparents is at once symbol of the loss of traditional values and the crassness of ostentatious wealth. The story deals as well with that inevitable schism between children and their parents when the children come of age and begin to live their own lives.

Schisms fascinate Mrs. McKinuley, and everywhere in the book we observe a "mighty distance" established between the young and the old, the male and the female, the white and the colored, the rich and the poor. The sprawling landscapes of Texas in which the stories are set physically underscore these psychological distances. One story, "On the Pavement" (a Staffordian story), examines two young girls bound together by loneliness who are suddenly irreparably segregated from one another by the knowledge that one has entered puberty, leaving the other behind. "The Fragile Heaven" chronicles the effects of the Age of Anxiety upon a mother to whom the Bomb is more inevitable reality than threat. Her fearful awareness isolates her from the more innocent around her.

All these themes are woven into the rich fabric of the novella for which the collection is named. This longer piece is insightful, highly artistic, and appropriately grotesque. It deserves careful study.

Georgia McKinley has been awarded a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship for a novel which she is now said to be writing. It is a book which all of us who care about literature in our time should await with no small impatience. The author has faults: Her first book demonstrates an obsession with similar themes, characters and plots, and a penchant for the baldly autobiographical which may prove serious limitations. Still, *The Mighty Distance* handsomely announces that in Georgia McKinley the South and the nation may well have found a worthy successor to the staggering talents of Flannery O'Connor.

Robert Phillips

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IN THE FRONT RANK

The Mandelbaum Gate. Muriel Spark. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1965. 369 pp. $5.95.

By most standards this novel is such a hodgepodge of fictional genres that it should fail as a serious work of art. It reads partly like a typical British comedy of manners, partly like warmed-over James Bond. The whole is compounded with crude melodrama. The plot, so heavy that it would suffice for five novels this size, makes extensive use of the operatic conventions of mistaken identity, amnesia, disguise, and coincidence to the point of absurdity.

But one must not underestimate Mrs. Spark. The miracle of *The Mandelbaum Gate* is that in this novel, her seventh and most ambitious to date, she has again succeeded in achieving what she achieved in her earlier novels on a smaller scale: she has woven the intentionally disparate elements of her story into a richly-textured novel that is fresh, illuminating, and, in its treatment of issues which divide the modern world, significant.

The main action takes place in the summer of 1961 and centers around the Mandelbaum Gate, the precarious check-point between the Israeli and Jordanian sections of Jerusalem which Arabs and Jew theoretically never cross and which foreigners cross at their own risk. The division of Jerusalem finds its embodiment in Barbara Vaughan, a young married English school teacher born of a Jewish mother and an Anglican father. Barbara, who has recently converted to Roman Catholicism, comes to Israeli Jerusalem on vacation with a two-fold mission: to make a pilgrimage to the sites holy to her new-found faith and to be near her fiance, Harry Clegg, an archaeologist working in Jordan while awaiting word from the Vatican that his present marriage has been annulled so that he and Barbara can wed.

If Barbara were content to remain in Israel and visit only the holy places there as the British Embassy and Harry advised, there would be no trouble. Neither would Mrs. Spark have a central conflict on which she might build her novel. Barbara's faith is such that a visit to Jordan, at the risk of being arrested because of her Jewish blood, is inevitable. This religious quest in forbidden territory provides the bizarre and treacherous situations which fill out the novel.

Barbara's adventures, while central to the novel, are not rendered in any sort of chronological sequence in one voice. Mrs. Spark's method is to "orchestrate" her fiction, to use many points-of-view, to jumble time, to vary her approach constantly. The effect upon the reader is kaleidoscopic. Every chapter—almost every page—presents the same themes and characters in a slightly different way. Each new juxtaposition forces insight until, at the end of the novel, Barbara has a sense of the reality of herself, not as one hopelessly divided into Roman Catholic and Jewish and Anglican parts, but as a whole and unified person with enough spiritual and political security to last throughout her life.

For those who have tended to discount the praise that John Updike, Evelyn Waugh, W. H. Auden and others have lavished upon Mrs. Spark's artistry in the past, *The Mandelbaum Gate* should furnish ample proof that Mrs. Spark richly deserves a place in the front rank of modern British letters.

Roy Proctor

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

Paddy on Sundays. Edward Cadwick. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1965. 245 pp. $4.95.

Len Price, a thirteen year old lad from a lower class London home, becomes *Paddy on Sundays* when he meets a welloff matron for lunch and a visit to the zoo. Neither of these two characters grasp reality absolutely. Len, an intelligent, ferociously ambitious boy with sotty, unappreciative parents has learned to lie to obtain what slender comforts he can. His relationship with Mrs. Biggin, the matron, is based on his fabrication that he is a cultured youth from a wealthy home. Mrs. Biggin in turn is steadily going insane from diabetes. She is a kindly lady though, who has formed a maternal attachment for Len.

Len, initially disgusted with his ignorant, piggish family grows even more dissatisfied as he sees more of Mrs. Biggins gracious style of living. Eventually he schemes for an offer of adoption from her and her gentlemanly husband. He never quite succeeds in making the madly foggy Mrs. Biggin aware of his need and desire. Finally Mrs. Biggin is committed to an asylum, terminating the friendship between Len and herself and dashing Len's hopes for adoption. However, a visit Len pays her at the asylum proves catalytic in shaping his thoughts. Len realizes the value of suffering and the necessity for enduring it and maintaining a sane mind. He becomes willing to accept his family until he is old enough to forge his own life. Finally the cold, calculating Len breaks down and cries with a "mixture of elation and fear." "Hooray" cheers the reader: Len is at last human.

The writing in this book has annoying flaws. The author draws too many trite, melodramatic pictures and uses too many stock expressions. Furthermore, the main character, Len, strains the reader's credulity with his maturity. Lastly, there are too many extraneous incidents.

These faults, however, do not spoil an excellent novel. The characters are off-beat, the situations are picturesque, and the atmosphere is foggy as befits a novel about a liar and a nut.

David Weissmann

SINGLE DESIGN, SINGLE PURPOSE

The Rabbi. Noah Gordon. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1965. 389 pp. $5.95.

As a circuit-riding "Old Testament preacher" in the Ozarks, Rabbi Michael Kind presides over the burial of Clive Henderson's Maw, who "was Methodist, God-fearing but not much of a church-goer." In Cypress, Georgia, he admonishes his congregation that in their community, "brotherhood is like a selective chemical that vanishes—pouf!—when it comes into contact with a colored skin." In California, an old Jew warns him that after a few good whiffs of California air, "every-

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one becomes homogenized." There he has a cocktail crowd for a congregation, and his wife, writing the marketing list, is busier than he. After serving in a Pennsylvania college community, he accepts a post at Beth Shalom in Woodborough, Massachusetts, "The Promised Land." He found no Chagalls or Lipschitzes there, "but it smelled of floor wax and tattered prayer books and dry woodwork and twenty-five years of people seeking God." Now, at 45, the father of two children, the husband of a woman who converted to Judaism and who is a patient in a mental hospital for which he serves as chaplain, he sits in the temple after services thinking:

> "of the slow surf in Florida and of the orange trees budding tight and green in California . . . of deep snow drifting in the Ozarks and of the sound of katydids in Georgia fields and of the woods wet with rain in Pennsylvania. If nothing else, . . . failure in many places gives a rabbi a good geographic background."

The Rabbi is a coming-of-age story of a dedicated, nomadic professional man. In clear, polished prose, Noah Gordon traces the shaping of a man by his office. Just as the rabbi's identity unfolds in the fulfillment of his professional responsibilities, so his wife's, Leslie's, emerges with her renunciation of her childhood; she was the daughter of a Congregational minister.

Michael Kind's old grandfather, so close to him in childhood, and "as tender toward the world as a mother nursing her fatally ill child"; the old Rabbi, Max Gross, to whom the young man declares, "I want to study with you"; even the candied ginger that was his vision of delight as a youth—these and all the events of his life are woven into a single design, a single purpose. Have no fear, he tells the memory of his grandfather. "Six thousand years is not the wink of an eyelash or the beat of a bird's wing. There is nothing new on the face of the ancient earth." *The Rabbi* is a story of family love that runs deep, and an affirmation of the continuity of tradition and faith through the generations.

A. Farrell Borenstein

WHO'S INDICTED?

Yamamoto: The Man Who Menaced America. John Deane Potter. Viking Press, New York, 1965. 322 pp. $6.50.

Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto was Commander in Chief of the Combined Japanese Fleet prior to and during the first seventeen months of WW II. Potter's book sketches his early life, naval training, education at Harvard and his service as attache in Washington and at various disarmament conferences in the Twenties and early Thirties. The book makes quite clear that his view on war with the United States was realistic. Yamamoto opposed it because he knew that it could not bring victory for Japan. He recognized inescapable, eventual defeat. When such a war became inevitable, the best he could see for Japan was early advantage which might bring a quick end to the war. He devised the bold, unexpected action which culminated in the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. Pearl Harbor was his inspiration, his design and his hope. After his failure to prevent war he did not want, Yamamoto had to threaten to resign to gain approval for the Pearl Harbor plan.

The bulk of this volume recounts in detail, using both Japanese and American sources, the Pearl Harbor attack, the Alaskan and Midway campaigns, the Guadacanal venture, and the stalking and slaying of Yamamoto by the Americans in April, 1943. All of this has been told before. Nevertheless, *Yamamoto* is well worth reading for two reasons. First it presents a unique man, a first class intelligence subservient to a military frame of reference and yet not totally warped. More importantly, the book as a whole is an indictment of military planning, intelligence and execution, not only Japanese and American, but probably of all. Yamamoto made brilliant plans using airpower but lesser men failed to execute them. He is indicted for failure.

Whether or not that is the value of this book remains doubtful.

Repeatedly, the fact that the Americans had broken the Japanese code is brought into the story. Every Japanese message, even the most secret and important, had been intercepted and decoded. And this long before Pearl Harbor. Even with the tremendous advantage of knowing every Japanese plan well in advance, the United States Navy suffered enormous losses and won naval victories by accident.

To read this book makes it easier to be increasingly critical of military minds. That alone should make it a mandatory textbook.

H. H. Hurt

TWO BRAZILS

The Two Deaths of Quincas Wateryell. Jorge Amado. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1965. 97 pp. $3.95.

There are two Brazils, or rather two Bahias, in this latest piece by the great son of that northeastern city.

In the world of "doubters and skeptics who are yoked like oxen to law and order, due process and notarized documents, there is Joaquim Soares da Cunha, exemplary employee of the State Rent Board, with his measured step, his closeshaved beard, his black alpaca coat, and his briefcase under his arm." There is his wife Otacilia who "must be feeling happy in whatever distant circle of the universe she was inhabiting . . . Her orders had finally been carried out . . ." And her daughter Vanda who believed "he had been a real cross to bear, that father of hers; he had made martyrs of them all." Her husband Eduardo "noted down each separate item. He knew how to economize, and his grocery store was doing well." With Uncle Leonardo and Aunt Macrobas they form the whole of the one world.

The other world is much larger. Less pinched and confined by convention, it has more vivacity and more friendly acquaintance. Chief of its actors are the quartet of Curio', he of the "threadbare cutaway coat and a clown's makeup," a store barker who dragged in those unpersuaded by voice alone; Bangs, a giant descendant of the Mandingo, who helped bookies run the num-

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bers game; Private Martim who "since receiving his Army discharge fifteen years before . . . had dedicated himself to three occupations—love, gossip and gambling"; finally Breezy, purveyor to vivisectionists, frog and toad hunter extraordinaire.

Quincas had finally enough of the one world. He quit and began disporting himself in the other and more honest one. He became its Chaplinesque patriarch.

It is a fine and agreeable tale, with wonderfully sustained interests. *The Two Deaths* is as Brazilian as inflation, a coffee surplus, or the unending vain attempt to open the interior. The Brazilian novel was already brilliant in the nineteenth century. It has become, in the twentieth, one of the magnificent art forms of our time. This is surely as suitable and piquant an introduction as any.

Richard Reichard

THE BLOODY BOONG

Dark Stranger, John Iggulden. McGraw Hill Book Co., New York, 1965. 242 pp. $5.50.

The major character of this novel is neither James Duncan, a successful public relations man in his fifties discovering all too late the aimlessness of his life, nor Peter Jirapon, the aborigine lawyer whose fierce preoccupation with racial injustice has brought him and Duncan to the treacherous waters off Northern Australia, washed out in a small open boat.

John Iggulden, an Australian engineer, businessman and glider pilot, is at his best when he presents the desolate and perilous waters and the barren, inhospitable coast of the northern part of his native land. The time they spend together, each recalling his past, each questioning the meaning of his life and the hope for the future, is constantly interrupted by typical yet frightening dangers that all but destroy them. Peter, the "bloody boong," the *blackfeller* striving to save a condemned aborigine by discovering the missing witness, finds in the presence of his cynical companion that the difficulties of life may have to be met with compromise. Together they survive the attack of a huge shark, a storm at sea, the presence of spiders and other perils when they finally make it to shore. Both men grow in stature as they struggle against a brutal environment and conquer it with their bare hands.

At the very end, we lose sight of the racial intolerance and the struggle of two men against the prejudice of centuries. In a way quite reminiscent of the voyage of the Kon-Tiki, we forget the purpose of their travel and the ends that were always kept in mind, and we recall only the sea and its creatures, the storm, the winds, the rough coast, the struggle with the spiders and the small octupus. "The sounds of the sea entered his mind like a chorus of voices making poetry in a forgotten tongue . . . The sea spoke in its poem of the beginning of the world, and of the world's end. The sea told of the solitude and desolation of a lifeless planet."

And like the regional novels of the past century and the novels of Africa and South America, man faces the barbaric might of Nature and overcomes it. We see the vast ocean and think of the insignificance of one man. Yet both men want to think that "though thousands of millions of people lived on a world old as time, the life or death of one single man might with reason be thought of some importance."

Walter Borenstein

FULL OF PEOPLE

In the World. George P. Elliott. N. Y., The Viking Press, 1965. 442 pp. $6.95.

"In the World" is a safe, all-inclusive title for George P. Elliott's new novel. It is too broad in some respects, too narrow in others. It deals with only one upper-middle class San Francisco family and their acquaintances, but it concerns itself with more than "worldly" externals, with man's emotions and intellect.

The novel starts off slowly, episodically introducing too many seemingly unrelated characters. It drags in the middle with so much "bed-hopping" that it becomes a lean relief when Joe and Lizzie Thompson have "made love only skillfully, enjoyed it only physically." But it is a novel to be read again; it is worth going back to pick up those characters.

Alfred and Beth Royce's marriage and separation and reconciliation seem to lack nothing so much as T. S. Eliot's "objective correlative." Causes are not important enough to result in such disproportionately-great effects. However, it is obvious that a marriage which fractures over Beth's bringing her dead mother's furniture into hers and Alfred's perfect-for-party-giving house is quite apt to be recemented by the practically painless broken arm of their youngest daughter, Nancy. The dramatic exodus to the hospital of not only Nancy's mother and father and sister, but her mother's gossipy best friend and cloying daughter seems a slight vigil to have such climatic repercussions. There is no denying that there are such people "in the world."

Beth's daughter Lizzie's trustless mixed marriage to Joe Thompson—Joe part-negro and Lizzie with her tubes tied securely three years before so she wouldn't bring children into this unasked-for-world—is still an idealistic marriage of two thinking people, whereas Alfred and Beth Royce's is not. However, this marriage in which trust and loyalty, philosophy and ideals were all-important ended in disastrous disillusionment for both. Anthropological Lizzie's disdain for the bourgeois world, and for her parents for not repudiating it, drove her to the Koyala Indian tribe to try to win acceptance.

There is communist intrigue revolving around a strike and a murder. There is a success versus principle story, in Alfred's decision to remain a law professor, denying the temptation of a judgeship. There is a mysteriously-important displaced French woman, Chantal, and her son, Jean-Louis. A near-prostitute, Robin has symbolically had her lumpy and disfigured face scraped twice, but never gets it done that necessary and final third time before she gets Hodgkin's disease. The middle Royce daughter, Sybil, has her final conquest, Jim Sorb, who is every unromantic thing a girl usually ends

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up marrying. Leon figures not only in his relationship with Sybil, but with Robin (she calls them co-parents) and with Chantal, whom he married to keep her safe. It is in such false situations as Robin's "pretend" marriage to Hugh that the book's truths are revealed. As Hugh snuggles platonically with the *enciente* Robin in what is supposed to be their married bed, he murmurs, "Maybe it's the best thing in the whole world." "It can be if it's left alone," Robin answers.

This is a traditional novel, a good, solid, well-wearing novel. The pacifist, the sceptic, the fundamentalist, the self-aware man of compromise—all will find their tenets expressed in Mr. Elliott's writing. Yet never do you feel he has said everything he knows.

Luretta Hendriks

A GINGER MAN DOWN SOUTH

The Return of Lance Tennis by Laurence Snelling. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1965. 189 pp. $4.50.

Slothful, slovenly, and always on the verge of penury, the young graduate student ignores his studies, constantly lies in order to disguise his procrastination, flaunts authority of every sort and avoids responsibilities of any kind, lusts after women (ignoring his own pretty but hopelessly dull wife), and steals assignations with a friend of whom his wife disapproves. His dream is merely to be left in peace, but the world about him makes constant demands that he refuses to acknowledge. The situation is a familiar one, but the setting is not Dublin: it is a Southern University town, and later New Orleans. Norton Wilkins (alias Lance Tennis) is another in a progression of perverse, idiosyncratic, and individualistic anti-Establishmentarians who are the not-quite-non-heroes of many recent novels.

The genre is an established one, subdividing into various types: the picaresque hero who is a direct by-product of his disoriented age (Saul Bellow's Augie); the pathetic caricature incapable of coping with his world (William Gaddis's Otto); and the arrogant dissenter who senses his innate superiority over his crass environment (Donleavy's Dangerfield). Snelling's Lance Tennis is of the last breed, but the dust jacket blurb misses the point by tracing the tradition to Sammy Glick and Felix Krull: Lance lacks ambition (he refuses to run), and only wives would find him actually despicable. He has nothing of the bouyant charm of Mann's confidence man or any of Gide's counterfeiters. His singular distinction is in his worship of inertia, an ideal for which he is willing to expend profound energy (like an Army goldbrick worthy of that aureate title), and even sacrifice every other desire—including the libidinous ones. There is little attempt made by Snelling to explain his protagonist in either psychological or sociological terms, except to insist that he is superior to ambitious English Department chairmen, ebullient personnel managers, bored wives who financially patronize young artists, and rich college girls whose patronage is even more complete. And if there is anything wrong with this young man who nurtures so exquisite a talent for indolence, we should certainly have heard.

Is the South to blame? Lance's wife tends to credit the effete masculinity of the Southern post-aristocrat. "Your mother must have been right about the men in your family—nothing but a bunch of Tidewater decadents." The hero himself acknowledges his adolescent identity as "Brevet-Major Lance Tennis of the Third Virginia Cavalry, C.S.A." and sees himself in a conflict of past and present "But what was needed, he told himself with a thin smile, was the roar of engines, a vista of expressways, factories lifting their smoky oblations to the skies; some vision of America on the march to envigor him for the harsh task ahead, when instead there were only the ancient houses with their funereal odors feeding the wine-sweet air, filling him with blind dreams of old lost worlds beyond imagining." And in a moment of introspection he muses over the possibility that "he and those vanished forebears, who had lived with effortless grace upon the land while the land was being drawn like a rug from beneath them, were criminal in their love of leisure, and the acquisitors at one with nature's instinct."

But such scant clues are insufficient to support the contention that *Lance Tennis* is a serious novel in any serious sense. Its charm rests with Snelling's refusal to be anything but *jocoserious* at best. He has woven a delicate web of quasi-fantasy, capable of supporting on occasion a featherweight's worth of solid insight, but too fragile for any moral of either prevention or cure. The setting is in itself in a limbo difficult to localize: miles removed from the painfully realistic Chicago of Bellow's *Dangling Man,* without ever approximating the furniture-crammed room of Dylan Thomas's *Adventures in the Skin Trade.* In fact, the Lance who picks at his toes is a weak copy of the Samuel Bennet who gets his finger stuck in a Bass bottle.

Yet there is no denying the delight of Snelling's own brand of grey humor (not quite sick, but adequately unhealthy). The dialogue is crisp. The events tumble along clownishly. There is many an apt metaphor and clever capsulization. But such success is less than the kind of balance achieved by F. Scott Fitzgerald in making his prose so unobtrusive that when the felicitous phrase appeared, it was timed to elevate the language just when the touch was most appropriate. Snelling's wit is more like buckshot, and he substitutes structural economy for skilled pacing. His novel is brief, but packed like a cornucopia always on the verge of overflowing. Its readability is both commendable and suspect, although only a purist who refuses to accept a fairy tale ending for a plot of mild fantasy would argue that a hoax has been perpetrated. There are indeed numerous loose ends that are never tied togther, barely begun ploys that are abandoned (the insurance job interviews), and extraneous characters (how many people capable of seeing through Lance's disguise do we need for the point to be made?), and especially a time compression that allows only a week of rehearsal for a play. Snelling's problem as a novelist may well be to decide whether his virtuosity lies in juggling or sleight-of-hand: even the most rapid denouements should not defy the laws of gravity.

Bernard Benstock

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A PRIMER FOR HEWERS

Teen-Agers and Sex: a Guide for Parents, Bishop James A. Pike. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J., 1965. 146 pp. $3.95.

Bishop Pike takes a necessary step. Nothing in this small book is sensational or startlingly new. All of it has been said before and frequently better. The importance of *Teen-Agers and Sex* comes from its symbolism. Its writing and publication are symbolic of the more realistic, therefore invigorating, attitude toward sex currently held by at least one of the more capable and progressive intellects in churchdom.

Churches are the hewers and holders of moral codes. In the case of codes governing sex, churchdom has seldom demonstrated very perceptive attitudes toward this particular life force nor very sensible or successful codes to inhibit sex.

Bishop Pike accepts sex. He recognizes that attitudes do and have changed. He recognizes pleasure as well as procreation. More significantly, Bishop Pike senses that some of each succeeding generation manage to grapple with the code of its time, to understand it, and to live with it. The purpose of this book seems to be to give a larger percentage of the generations succeeding this one a step up the ladder to healthy fulfillment. He hopes to accomplish this by directing the book towards the education of today's parents.

PERIWINKLES AND POLITICIANS

All Things Considered, Russell Baker. Lippincott, New York, 1965. 213 pp. $4.50.

When most of us look at something, be it TV, a book, a play, neighbors or nutwings, a pickle or a pest, we all see pretty much the same thing. One out of a million of us seems to have the better optics and looks at the same things but sees what the rest of us miss. Almost none of these few are articulate.

Russell Baker has his eyes open and is intelligent, witty and articulate. He usually demonstrates these characteristics three times a week in the column he writes for *The New York Times*.

All Things Considered is a collection of recent columns. Baker writes about anything and everything, nations and notions, periwinkles and politicians. Do not devour this book in a gulp. Read it in a series of snatched moments.

THIS SLIM VOLUME

The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and World, New York, 1965. 495 pp. $5.95.

Re-reading this work projects anew the qualities of Miss Porter's which originally pleased as well as those which piqued. *Go Little Book . . .*, her tiny introduction to the volume, appropriately combines both her acuity and her veiled petulance. This collection will be handy for those new readers discovering this critic's darling and a real treasure added to shelves of old admirers.

SENSITIVE COWPOKE

Backtrack, Milton Lott. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1965. 248 pp. $4.95.

Ringo, *segundo* to trail boss Old Hooly Bell on a trail drive from Texas to Montana, was in one sense a typical cowboy—self sufficient, a loner, tough as jerky and a fast gun. While Old Hooly and his hands assembled the herd for the drive north, Louis Siquieros, teen-age son of the owner, joins the outfit carrying a thundermug full of fire from the Siquiero's old home in Texas. Louis intends to keep it ablaze until he can deliver it to his father in Montana.

Luis is a frightened but determined young Spaniard. Ringo sees something nostalgically familiar in Luis. He befriends him, teaches him to shoot, helps him keep the fire alive. Medicine Doc Mann and his young assistant pull into camp. There's drinking, trouble, killing. There's storm, stampede. Luis's fire dies. There is more killing. Luis disappears. Ringo follows, impelled to search for Luis and to help him if he can. All the while, Ringo realizes that he searches also for his own youth and a disremembered part of it.

Milton Lott is a good craftsman. He writes superior novels. If you haven't read a western since Zane Grey or B. M. Bowers, pick up *Backtrack* to discover what a superior novel a western can be.

FAR BETTER THAN MOST

Cork Street, Next To The Hatters, Pamela Hansford Johnson. Scribners, New York, 1965. 274 pp. $4.95.

All characters in this novel frequent the bookstore of Cosmos Hines located in Cork Street next to the hatters. Customers include Pringle Martin, a seventeen year old author of a very bad first novel; wealthy Jane Pryor and her ex-playboy husband Matthew; drunken commercial photographer Duncan Moss who poses Pringle in a mug to advertise milk and makes her famous as THE NEW FACE; Cosmos' wife, poetess Dorothy Merlin; and Tom Hariot.

Tom Hariot, a young professor, appalled by the abysmal depths into which public taste has sunk, writes a play so obscene he believes that audience reaction to it will cause tolerated levels of taste to soar upwards.

These characters come and meet and go their separate ways to meet again. Pringle pursues Tom, Duncan covets Pringle, all tolerate Dorothy. All encourages Tom in his spoof playwrighting: however, the public hails Tom's obscene joke as the work of new genius unveiled.

Cork Street, Next To The Hatters contains some very funny lines. The basic premise provides a sound foundation for amusing situations. The novel is worth reading for these even though Miss Johnson has demonstrated elsewhere that she is too astute as critic to imagine that she has written a great, or even a very good, novel. Even so, it is far better than most novels published.

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VICTOR CONTOSKI's "The Man With The Golden Fly" appeared earlier in *The North American Review*. His fables will continue to appear in subsequent issues.

DORI KATZ, born in Belgium, writes in both English and French. She has recently returned from France, to which she journeyed as a Fulbright Fellow.

MILTON KRIEGER, historian, recently returned from England where he studied at the Institute of Historical Research at London University. He participated in the peace march on Washington.

TOM LYNNER will be a teaching assistant in English at the University of Buffalo next year. His poetry has appeared in *The Husk*.

JOYCE McWILLIAMS is married and lives in San Pedro, California.

MORTON MARCUS is living in San Francisco. His poetry has appeared in *Choice, December, Mademoiselle* and other magazines.

JACK MATHEWS has sold stories to American, Canadian, and European magazines. Scribner's published a volume of his short stories, *Bitter Knowledge,* in 1965. Mr. Mathews teaches at the University of Ohio at Athens.

PETER MICHELSON teaches at the University of Notre Dame. He is a former editor of the *Chicago Review*.

DAVID O. RANKIN finked out this issue.

PETER L. SIMPSON is Executive Director of the St. Louis Ambassadors, Inc., which operates out of the Mayor's office. He has published in *Choice* and elsewhere.

ROSE J. SMITH of Wrightwood, California, the editors presume, has a spouse and children.

TONY SWAIN is the pseudonym of a prominent, erudite inebriate.

DANIEL TRIMMER, who "long ago renounced hopes of wealth," lives in Amherst, Massachusetts.

B. CANARY VAN LARE lives in Louisville, Kentucky. "The Land Sublime" marks her first appearance in *The North American Review*.

WINSTON WEATHERS teaches at the University of Texas and edits *Nimrod*.

INGRID WENDT is from Oswego, Illinois. "Sonnet" marks her first appearance in *The North American Review*. Her work has appeared in *The Husk*.

FREDERIC WILL is the head of the Translation workshop at The University of Iowa. The November issue of *Poetry* carried six poems by him. He has published three volumes of poems.

Reviewers: ROBERT PHILLIPS, MARY BYERLY, ROBERT DANA, A. FARRELL BORENSTEIN, MIHAILO MIHAILOVIC, ALEX PAUL, JOSEPH SVEC, WALTER BORENSTEIN, ROBERT REID, ROY PROCTOR, DAVID WEISSMANN, H. H. HURT, RICHARD REICHARD, LURETTA HENDRIKS, BERNARD BENSTOCK, and ARMARIUS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is revived with the cooperation of
The Honorable Claiborne Pell, Senator from Rhode Island.

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